A THRILLING DETECTIVE STORY, "THE VANISHED CLEW," BEGINS NEXT WEEK

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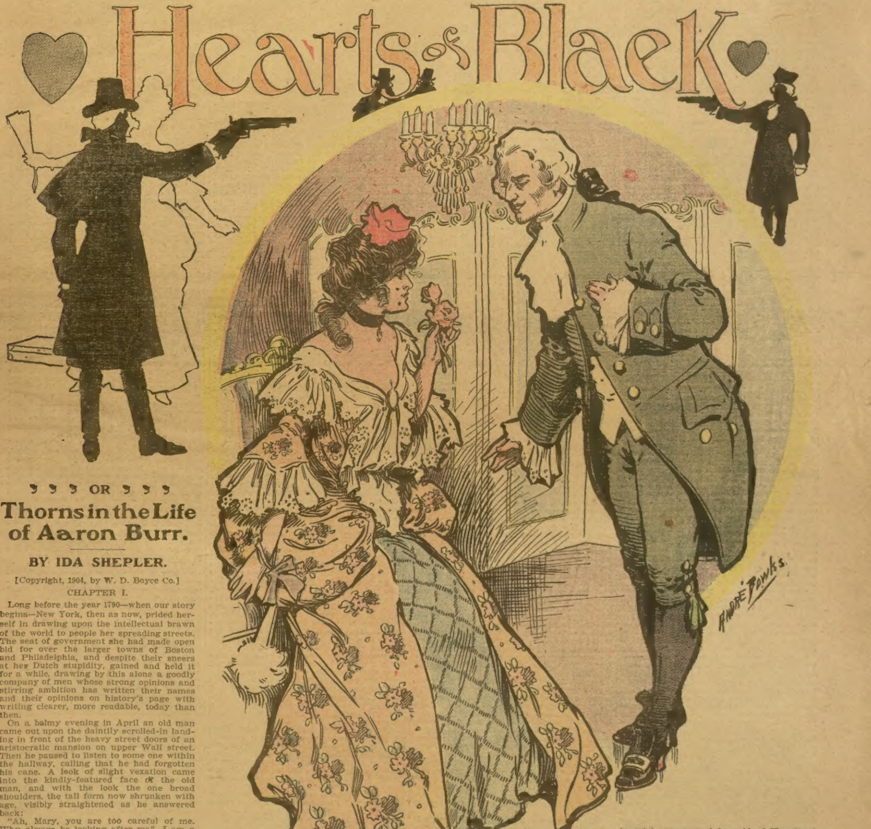
Hearts of Black



OR

Thorns in the Life of Aaron Burr.

BY IDA SHEPLER.

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CHAPTER I.

Long before the year 1790—when our story begins—New York, then as now, prided herself in drawing upon the intellectual brawn of the world to people her spreading streets. The seat of government she had made open bid for over the larger towns of Boston and Philadelphia, and despite their sneers at her Dutch stupidity, gained and held it for a while, drawing by this alone a goodly company of men whose strong opinions and stirring ambition has written their names and their opinions on history's page with writing clearer, more readable, today than then.

On a balmy evening in April an old man came out upon the daintily scrolled-in landing in front of the heavy street doors of an aristocratic mansion on upper Wall street. Then he paused to listen to some one within the hallway, calling that he had forgotten his cane. A look of slight vexation came into the kindly-featured face of the old man, and with the look the one broad shoulders, the tall form now shrunken with age, visibly straightened as he answered back:

"Ah, Mary, you are too careful of me. Why always be looking after me? I am a young man to what my father was when he died, though he was hale and hearty yet when he reached his hundredth birthday. You will shorten my days with your care and pampering of me." Mary now came out to brush a speck of dust from his velvet coat. It was a sweet face—sweet with the calmness of a lovely womanhood, her blue eyes, so like the blue eyes in the old face, smiling at his vexation. She continued, as he went down the steps: "Hannah and myself will be walking near the clubhouse at nine, father. That will be time for you to come hime. And don't forget the state of your nerves. Don't let those quarrelsome young men draw you into discussions that leave you sleepless and under my care the remainder of the night. Your knowledge, your experience, may be good for them to heed, and they delight in drawing you out, but it is not good for you." The gentle words ended with a cheery little laugh.

"I am not in my dotage, Mary, that I need a mistress and maid to bring he home from the coffee house. Hamilton will come with me this far tonight, and, Mary, can you have a little repast spread for us in the library? I want the young man to go over some of those old speeches of mine on finance. And, Mary, lay out those first copies of the Federalist. His articles are in them. There are discrepancies that I would point out between his theories and the facts as I have known them. Ah! the boy is intelligent. Some day this country will need him, and of my hardly acquired knowledge must I give him helps that he sooner may come into his heritage of right."

The old man had paused, holding with shaking hand to the iron scrolling surmounting the banisters leading down the steps, while the fair face now leaned over to catch every word he said of Hamilton. The old man noted the look and went on, the garrulous senility of age which showed at times in his speech, now showing. "What a lover for you he would have been, Mary, and then a real son to me, who never had a son; but you have set your life to devotion alone to me, caring for no other man. Get us up something nice in the way of refreshments, Mary; I would not have my friends know that we are so hard run for money. Surely, the letter will come from England soon. Lady Mary was never so long in answering before. I did wrong to give in to Madeline's extravagances the past year or two. No gain has come to her because of this fashionable waste." And with this complaint echoing back, the old soldier of past events straightened his stiffened shoulders and marched down the street, while Mary, brushing back the soft wavy hair from her placid forehead, turned back into the hall where a dusky little maid was now lighting some of the candles in a candelabra fastened to a side wall.

Some one at that instant was coming down the broad stairway. A girl, the loosely clinging draperies of whose dress of inky blackness, short at the sleeve and throat, disclosed a form of magnificent womanly proportions, the perfect throat and arms showing in the candle light with a glistening, satiny whiteness. Waiting until the colored maid had gone she said:

"There is always domestic trouble in the air when my sister Mary tosses back her hair in that nervous way; I know she is deeply thinking. Tell me, let me comfort you." As she said this, the girl dropped lightly down on the lower step, crossing her white hands about one knee, gazing into her sister's face with an air of determination to talk about something on her own mind.

"I know," the girl went on; "I know without your telling me. I overheard Hannah complaining to you that the trade-people treated her shamefully, and culinary matters were getting in a terrible mess because there was no money. I know that you hide these threatening letters from father, and try to keep up heart. It's a shame, isn't it? To think that Madeline would force father to incur these debts for her sake, and he—poor old man!—in his dotage nearly, giving no heed to your advice against allowing these orders to go in his name, hoping, I am sure, that Madeline would win a wealthy husband and get out of his way. Father cannot have any reason to love his twin daughters. I think we remind him too much of the young English wife he took to his middle-aged heart."

The girl laughed softly, and rocked her knees, but there was a tender light in her eyes, and her voice had lost the usual hardness. This sister, almost ten years younger than Mary, had, from a child, been an enigma to the elder sister as well as all who knew her, giving back indifference or cold scorn for loving regard and care.

"Corinne, I scarcely understand you," faltered the elder sister. "I do indeed need sisterly sympathy, for I fear me a woeful time is coming for this house unless that letter comes immediately. I did wrong to not assert my authority in time, in spite of Madeline's high hand with us. Now she simply shrugs her shoulders when I point out to her that father—— think, Corinne, that aged man whose life has been so good and so filled with all the sorrows that can come to man, to be compelled to lie in a debtor's cell! Why did he sign his name to those bills that Madeline might shine at her own receptions and balls, and fill the house with furnishings and servants that we did not need. Oh, foolish me that did allow it, too!"

"You are a dear, good sister, and no difference what comes of Madeline's extravagance, you can never blame yourself that you have failed in your duty to our father. I would, Mary, that I had patterned my life after your own. I wish it now for Roger Martel's sake." Corinne's voice sank low and soft. Mary's eyes opened wide.

"Roger's sake?" Mary observed. "I thought it was Madeline that Roger cared for?"

"They do not all care for Madeline," and Corinne's voice now rose a trifle sharply. Spreading out her firm white hands that the light might reflect a solitary ring on one of the fingers, she added: "See, our betrothal ring! One week ago tonight Roger asked me to marry him. I have never loved him until now—never! I love him as never was one man loved before. He is mine—mine! and all the love I have withheld from every one goes to him. Oh, that I were worthy of him! I wish I were a saint, an angel, for his sake—only his sake!" Her vehemence startled the gentle sister whose love had ever seemed so well distributed among humanity. Stooping over she kissed the upturned face of the girl, breathing her congratulations just as the heavy curtains concealing a door far down the hall parted and a vision of loveliness emerged from their folds, calling sweetly, though a trifle impatiently, as she sent a keen glance toward her twin sister.

"Since my French maid must be sent away I cannot dress myself decently at all. Come and fix this blue bodice for me, Mary, and help me do my hair in the new pompadour style. I must be ready by eight to accompany Dolly Marsden to the play. Her carriage calls for me now that my own is sold."

The last remark jarred on the overwrought feelings of the elder sister. As she had intimated, she had not asserted her sisterly authority with Madeline; she would now, though the effort be feeble. "I do not approve of this intimacy with Dolly Marsden. For a woman but little time out of weeds she is conspicuously gay. And as for fixing the dress, it seems to me that a young lady now passing twenty-two should be able to do so much for herself. I must go to the kitchen and consult with Hannah. We can exist without plays and finery, but we cannot without food."

It was impossible for Mary to put severity into her tone, and Madeline simply laughed after her as she gliden kitchenward, then turned with some surprise to listen to her twin sister meekly telling her that she would fix the bodice and dress her hair also, a kindness that Madeline could not remember the sullen Corinne ever offering before. Surely love had wrought a great change, she mused, as she stepped out into the clearer light, her white robe trailing about her in direct contrast to the black robe worn by her sister.

Under the candelabra the like and unlikeness of the twins came out distinctly. The same in perfection of form and coloring, the same in height and voice inflection, and there the likeness paused. It was as though, when it came to the face, that nature's beauty artist had made two faces of rare workmanship exactly alike, and then with his brush had slightly marred and blurred one of them. Where Madeline's features were set in symmetrical lines, Corinne's were flattened or enlarged; where Madeline's hair rippled away from pink-tinted cheek and brow in golden profusion, Corinne's lay damp and coppery-colored as though devoid of life. In Madeline's face dark lashes veiled eyes as bright as stars, and of lovely violet hue and innocent of expression as those of a babe; in Corinne's the pupil's had the crafty narrowness of an Indian's eye, and the color was strangely unfathomable, drab in the shade, and green in the light. It was this difference, strongly noticeable because they were twins, which had early set the iron of dislike for her sister in the soul of Corinne; and yet, because of that perfection of form and complexion common to both sisters, Corinne, except by her own dissatisfied mind, was not considered ugly, merely an odd combination of features.

CHAPTER II.

AN INFORMAL GATHERING.

Turning into a by street, leading away from Wall with its throng of fashionable pedestrians out to enjoy almost the first warm evening of that spring, the old man's cane came down from its graceful pose under the shrunken arms to feel ahead for the jutting cobblestones. His friends did not live upon these streets leading to the clubhouse, and he only cared to keep up the appearance of youth and strength before his intimate friends, a weakness they humored in his presence and smiled over away from him. To keep young one must think the thoughts of the young, must cultivate the friendship of the young and enter into their hopes and ambitions; must have nothing to do with old age and decrepitude lest you become like it, were expressions common upon the tongue of this old man, about whom not even his best and most intimate young friend, Alexander Hamilton, could answer inquiries as to his early past.

In the closing years of the Revolutionary War he had come to New York, bringing three daughters with him, one just merging into womanhood, who did the honors of the house he opened to all young patriots, whether of high or lowly origin, and the twins, yet under the care of a nurse. With a Quakerish simplicity he had given his name as Martin Chosel. It was vaguely hinted that his station and birthright was closely connected with that of the ruling house of France, and Hamilton, at least, knew that his fortune and his best years had been spent in the service of the country that he now thoroughly disliked, and that he had held positions of trust in Bourbon chambers of finance, and commerce, from which he had fled to escape Bourbon gratitude for good service rendered—the guillotine.

Martin Chosel's means of subsistence consisted of an annuity derived from the will of some relative in France. Late extravagances in the family, he explained to his one intimate friend, had been paid for with money sent from England. "I do not feel ashamed in demanding these paltry sums from out such a vast estate that, were it not for that cursed law of entail, would have come directly to my daughters because of their mother being nearest in relationship. But no, it must pass out to a distant cousin, a hopeless paralytic, whose wife manages the estate for him. There is a son, a poor, gambling makeshift not worthy the name of a man. I sent Madeline to England, thinking her beauty would induce Lady Mary to set apart a portion for the twins. I had better sent Mary. Madeline's beauty enthralled the son, who already was well furnished with a wife and family. The dolt actually had made arrangements to get a divorce from his wife and marry Madeline. This angered Lady Mary, who believed Madeline more to blame than the son, and no settlements were made. Madeline is very much like her mother."

This was one of the few times Martin Chosel had referred to his wife, but from a hint or two dropped by Lafayette, who had known him in their native land, Hamilton had guessed at domestic tragedies in which was blended much that the family held secret from their present acquaintance. The English wife and mother was not living, but she, who had carried her youth and beauty into a profligate French court, had not come out of it unsmirched. She had gone away with a lover, deserting her husband and her children, the younger two at that time but infants, and she had perished at sea with the guilty love to which she had linked her fortunes. Martin Chosel's gentle nature, his patience with a world that had brought him little but loss and trouble, had drawn Hamilton to regard his friendship with favor ere he realized to what knowledge that friendship might lead him.

Martin Chosel hobbled along slowly, enjoying the soft breeze shifting in from the ocean, and watching the people along the way with much the interest a child would display. At one place, through an open door, he stopped to watch a crowd of young people gathered for an evening's dance. Suddenly, above the tuning of the violins, an angry voice quavered a moment, then broke lustily into another voice raised in loud protest. There was a rush, the sound of blows, a chorus of girlish screams, and the dancers pushed back disclosing prone upon the floor, twisted and wound together in semblance of bulldogs, two young fellows pommeling each other with fists that rapped like iron.

"Give 'em room, b'ys, an' let 'em settle it now an' hev it over wid," shouted a young Irishman, clapping his hands. "Hooray fur Bill! sez I. I'll bet me brogans that Bill an' the taxes cooms out headformist. Tommy Jefferson says a little rebellyin ever' tin years do be good fur this lan'. It'll kape our han's in fightin' trim. Let 'em tax the wheatland fellows, an' then let 'em rebel, an' we'll be afther seein' a little fun. Hist there, Bill, crack the wheatlander anither loike thet an' you're done wid him."

"What's the row?" asked an outsider, pushing in.

"Ah, nothin'," declared another bystander. "The man as is givin' the dance has a cousin a-visitin' him from down in Penn's State. Him an' Bill got to arguin' 'bout them excise taxes Hamilton had a hand in threatenin' them fellers that raises more wheat than they can sell down there. Got to arguin' about it right while they wus on the floor with their pardners a-dancin'. Let go of the pardners, of course, an' went at it to settle the arguments with their fists. They'll be settlin' the real trouble with guns before Alex Hamilton knows himself. I wish that man would keep his fingers out of gover'ment affairs. He's too ready to advise." The speaker turned a frowning face on the old figure at his side, as though he might in some way be backing Hamilton in this matter. Martin Chosel smiled and shook his head as he gravely answered:

"My son, you will yet know that Hamilton never gives advice without seeing the end from the beginning. But what a people—what a people! Surely a great nation must yet arise when its people carry its questions with them to their work, their pleasures, never losing sight of them." Martin Chosel's monologue was cut short by the Irishman's hurrahs for Bill, who, it seemed, had come off the victor.

"Who's that soft spoken old coxcomb with his powdered hair, velvet breeches and embroideries?" asked one of the outside company, whose red coat, checked shirt and leather breeches proclaimed him an artisan.

"That," replied one dressed in the same costume, as he filled his pipe, "that's one of the aristocrats on Wall. B'longs to the President's clique. They say in France he was a Duke or Prince or somethin', an' Madame du Barry soaked old Louis into either beheading him or scaring him out of the land because he wanted to cut off the expense and deviltry she was inauguratin' in that kingdom. I don't blame him, either. Another thing, if he says Hamilton is right, then Hamilton is all right. That old man knows a thing or two yet."

The capacious, low-ceiled room that Martin Chosel entered, stretched away into smaller rooms where men sat around tables, eating, drinking, lounging or at play—a bohemian crowd of statesman, soldier, preacher and adventurer. Here each man found congenial spirits, master minds; here governments were constructed, dissected, torn apart and put together again. To these rooms came men intense with life, buoyant with hope and good cheer; from these rooms they often departed torn with passion, black with anger and outraged feeling, to reappear beyond the silvery waters when the next morning sun rose marking the time below Weehawken heights, and there appease an offended honor with death for one or both.

The old eyes blinked in the light as they singled out the persons nearest the door. Livingstone and Clinton stood at one corner in low converse. Knox was the center of a near-by group. Jefferson lounged at a small deal table, a newspaper spread across his knees. His neck rose collarless from the plain brown coat, his unblacked shoes tied with leathern thongs, furnished off his dusty gray woolen hose.

Hamilton, in careless attitude, his hair brushed smoothly back from his fair face, one hand thrust in the bosom of his coat, leaned against a window casement, listening to the varied conversation bubbling around to front, right and left of him. Seeing Martin Chosel he came forward to lead him to an easy chair, speaking low to him as he did so:

"We have Jefferson with us tonight. A newcomer rampant from France. Chuck full of French democracy. Give no heed to him until he cools. His ideas of government are loose, loose. Good thing we have a Washington at our head instead of a Jefferson. As a ruler he would allow every man to be a law to himself, and the devil would be after us all shortly."

In contrast to the plain-clothed Virginia philosopher, his visage under the mellow light of the candelabrum showing clear and highly intellectual, a dark, swarthy face from across the table was intently turned his way. This face, middle-aged, on which were deep-set lines of craft and darker passions, belonged to a body broad and squat, clothed in latest court style of satin-lined apparel, diamonds gleaming from button and buckle in every place that button and buckle could handily be set. That this person was of Spanish origin, face and manner gave evidence, but beyond the name of Harman De Campasuel, and that he boasted of immense wealth in the faraway Southwest land of which he had contributed much to further on the War of Independence, little was known of him. On his appearance in New York he had been given the entree of certain sets of fashionable folks, and the run of the best clubs because of his evident wealth, and his past help in a national crisis. He made few friends among men, and none really among women, despite his riches, although it was certain that he was possessed of a rough sort of intellect, an abruptly eloquent way of expressing what he felt, much self-confidence, and a knowledge of many countries and languages.

Jefferson's short, incisive remarks, flung out in the manner of sparks from a deeply burning log before a brooding storm, brought a half-dozen chairs in close proximity to his own. Hamilton drew nearer in spite of himself, also. As he did so, a fascinating face looked up from scanning a notebook by the light of a single candle at a distant table, then, closing the book, the owner of this boyish face got up and, shaking the well-fitting small clothes into better shape on the slight, elegant form, came and stood at the back of Jefferson's chair. Jefferson, glancing back, smiled and said: "A goodly evening, Aaron Burr," then turned back to reiterate a last statement he had made as Burr approached.

It might have been noticed by a close observer that, with the entrance of Burr into the group, the swarthy face of De Campasnrel darkened to swarthier hue, and the black eyes of cruel expression narrowed into a serpent-like gleam of distrust, instinctively drawing away from the proximity of Burr until his chair legs touched those of the stool upon which Hamilton now sat astride, quietly, at present, listening to Jefferson.

The exact working of the mind of De Campasurel no man present could exactly gauge. That he was in New York for a purpose was evident, and that purpose something connected with acquiring a thorough knowledge of the political workings of the new commonwealth. How he expected to make use of the knowledge was not evident. Tonight his views seemed to fall in line with Hamilton's views, or the end toward which he, in common with Burr and Jefferson, seemed to guess that Hamilton's views were leading. Once, twice, he arose to emphasize some remark of the latter, as put against an argument of Jefferson's, backed by Burr. Smiting his heavy hand on the deal table, he fairly shouted:

"To hell with your States' rights! You people fought, you shed your blood for what you called national rights, and now when you have won the right to call yourself a nation, you persistently clamor for State rights. You State rights men ask too much. Next thing you will be asking all west and south of the Father of Waters!"

"We will look after that land all in good time, De Campasuel," replied Colonel Burr, coldly. "As easy to look after fifty States as thirteen. That is, unless certain favorites of the powers that be burden us to the death with class legislation, class taxation, and push financial measures on us that a Bourbon king had the brains, once upon a time, to repudiate as inadequate and dangerous. Then, I am not so sure. It is a monarchy absolute, or State rights, and every man a free man."

Burr's reference was obvious; General Hamilton's face flushed. "The innuendo strikes home, Colonel Burr," he haughtily remarked, "although its truth is not apparent." And then, low and intense at times, clear and highly distinct at others, the battle of arguments, pro and con, waged, lightened with a rough oath from De Campasuel, a cutting sneer from Burr, at intervals, Martin Chosel, despite his daughter's warning, drawing to the side of Hamilton and ably bringing up the corners and filling the gapes of argument Hamilton, in haste, had missed, as Burr afterward remarked.

Leaving Jefferson to elucidate a betterment of the strenuous financial situation of that time, which was a mere formula of words that to this day shows neither reason nor meaning, Hamilton turned an ear in the direction of a room beyond. For some time hilarious sounds had been mingling with others that gave out ominous warnings. More than once the name of Madeline Chosel floated above the sharp hum of argument and laughter mingling. Burr's eyes were turned now, Hamilton noted, in the same direction. In full view, Roger Martel, tall and handsome, an officer of the Light Dragoons, sat at a table on which a pile of cards now lay heaped in the center. A maid had just placed glasses and an unopened bottle of wine on the table. Roger's face was flushed, while that of his opposite companion, young Count Brumbaugh, was pale and drawn. For some time there had been bad blood between the two; tonight the best efforts of mutual friends had sufficed barely to keep it in bounds. Over the cards there had been words, over a political discussion more, and now, not one close at hand could actually guess what would next set them at sword's points, into which both seemed determined to plunge.

The bottle and a corkscrew were pushed toward the Count. Making some maudlin remark about the beautiful twin, and her eyes that sparkled with life as new hopes out of Heaven, the cork was withdrawn and the glasses filled. Then rising, and holding the glass aloft, Brumbaugh cried:

"I propose a toast. My first tonight." Roger's glass, with the others, was raised. "To the most beautiful, most loving woman in the world, Mademoiselle Chosel." Roger's glass flashed down upon the oaken table, smashing into a hundred pieces, the wine splashing over the Count, whose own glass that moment came full in Roger's face. Dashing the wine and blood from his eyes, Roger sprang across the table, and with murderous grip on his throat bore the Count to the floor. A dozen hands pulled the two asunder. Count Brumbaugh, livid and shaking, flung his card upon the table in front of Roger.

"It is none too soon," said the latter. "I am ready an hour hence to meet you. Frederic," motioning to a friend, "you can arrange matters with whom he makes choice." And with these words, Roger Martel walked hurriedly out of the room by way of a side door.

Martin Chosel, his hearing dulled with age, had not caught the drift of the quarrel. Hamilton shook his head at his eager query, and, rising, said that it was time to go.

"This will make the second duel fought over that girl quite lately," spoke a bystander, too low for Martin Chosel to hear. "In the last, one was killed and the other left a hopeless cripple for life. These boys are center shots. Both will likely die. I am not in favor of dueling."

"Nor I," breathed Hamilton, almost inaudibly.

"How insanely foolish for young blood to extinguish itself over lovely woman!" and De Campasuel put his thumbs in the armholes of his satin waistcoat in pompous way. "It is not to such hobble-de-hoys that loveliness gives itself for life, but to older men, those who know the world and women. Now as for that siren—to me she is but little more than ordinary looking, and——" He paused in reflective way, as though he could say more if he would. Burr shot a glance his way, sharp and inquiring, and then, turning away, he too left the room.

"Did they say it was to be a duel, Alex?" faltered the old man, as, arm in arm with Hamilton, he walked slowly homeward. "I liked that young Martel. He came so often to our home, and, I thought, seemed interested in Corinne. I did not catch the name of the woman they quarreled over. Whoever she be, I'll warrant that she is not a good woman, for good women do not lead men to die for them in such a manner."

At that moment, something else taking his attention, he gave no heed that Hamilton had not answered his question.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLE OF VARIOUS KINDS.

Late in the morning of the next day Madeline came into the living room, which joined upon the apartments occupied by Martin Chosel. Her morning robe of blue and gold trailed in listless way about her, her manner was listness and preoccupied, her lovely eyes and mouth were drawn with ennui and depression. Corinne sat at a shaded window, her white hands deep in the meshes of an exquisite embroidery she was making, and which Hannah, the old English housekeeper, and indeed now the only servant beside a colored girl, would carry out and sell as her own. This Hannah had been doing for years because it had pleased Corinne to put in her time in this manner, despite the sneers of her twin sister over such drudgery. Now the money she had put by from this work had lately been handed over to Mary to tide over present living expenses.

As Madeline languidly seated herself in an easy chair, Corinne looked up, nodded, and smiled, both nod and smile being met with an indifferent glance by Madeline. Presently Mary came in with a bundle of bills, just received, in her hands, and with a troubled manner put them on the table in front of Madeline.

"Take the hateful things away," she exclaimed angrily. "Nothing but tears from you these days. Nothing but tradesmen's threats. I am sick and tired of it all. This house is unbearable."

"Who made it what it is?" And Corinne's voice rang out angrily. "And who is forestalling our father's disgrace with disgrace of her own? You know as well as Mary that if our cousin across the water fails to heed that last pitiful appeal of father's to her, what comes for him. How will you feel, my fine lady, to see that old body, that gray head, dragged away to the copper mine where this country shuts up its prisoners for debt? Debt that you might have your wish. A nice come down, truly. Will you go skylarking off in that day to plays with Dolly Marsden, and then to suppers afterward where you meet the dark-eyed man whose love you treasure above that of any man? Say, will you tell Mary why you broke your promise with the Baron Chesheld, the man you should have married and gone to England with three years ago, and why none of these moths who flit about the false flame you allure them with find no lasting favor with you?"

"Disgrace! What do you mean, Corinne?" and Mary's blue eyes opened wide.

"You are so blind, sister," went on Corinne firmly. "But then, to the good all things are good. You know the man that Hamilton distrusts. She gathers everything here she hears said about Burr and carries it to him. That I know. She is sowing seeds of hatred in his flickety nature that will yet redound against men that are staunch and true in all ways themselves."

Mary turned a horrified expression upon Madeline, now regarding her calmly. "Oh, surely not Colonel Burr, Madeline! Not him! You would not further break my father's heart by turning out as our mother did! You care for him merely as a friend. Say it."

"Certainly as a friend. Give no heed to Miss Jealousy yonder with her one shop-worn lover whom she will idolize, canonize and so forth—that is, if she ever gets him." Madeline's voice was significant. Colonel Burr had told her of the quarrel at the coffee house while at the supper the night before to which Corinne had referred. "I do not want to read those letters; but tell me how much do we owe. That is, how much will tide us over until next annuity day. Two thousand dollars? Why, that isn't so much."

"No, of course not." Corinne's cheeks were still flushing over that reference to her affianced. "It isn't much if you own a diamond mine, but making embroideries is a slow way to pay off such a debt. There are those buckles on De Campasuel's shoes, Madeline. I have known you to do things as outre. Coax him to let you have them. Just one. That will bring you a surplus over the two thousand. I cannot see the use of such lovers as hang around you. Put them to some use now. I judge from the way this dark-visaged gentleman looks at you at times that if you were to steal a diamond ring, button, buckle or two from him he would think it something quite in order. Try it."

Lisette, the colored maid, came in at that moment with a letter lying on a small tray for Madeline. At first sight of it Madeline turned pale and her lips twitched as though with a sudden fear; but opening it her slight spasm of fear changed to vexation. The letter was from De Campasuel, and read:

"My Queen:—For that is the honor to which you are surely born, and which, some day, I may confer upon you as my wife. I have not fallen at your feet in worship as other men have done—are doing—but from my first glimpse of that divine face I knew that the stars had set you apart for me. I have seen that face in my dreams, and it has been shown to me in the divination of sage and astrologer. It is destiny. You belong to me. Only me. Word calls me home on the first ship. Answer me that you will be ready to sail with me when it sails.

"DE CAMPASUEL."

"The fool! The dolt! He imagines that he has but to beckon and any woman that he chooses will fall into his arms. I will treat this as I have him—with silent contempt," and twisting the letter in two, the angry girl cast the letter from her just as Martin Chosel staggered into the room, his face pitifully drawn, the long, thin, white wisps of hair falling over his sunken cheeks. Sinking into a chair, he whispered, holding out a letter to Mary:

"It has come—the letter from England! All is gone. No hope there. To die in the debtor's prison—that is the fitting end of such a career as mine. Mary, Mary, the little girl who put her childish arms around my neck on that day that I was forsaken and believed all womankind false, and who swore to abide with me while life should last, and never love any man beside her father, and show me that not all the world was false and bad—read it, my daughter."

Putting one arm around the trembling shoulders, while with the other hand she held the letter and read aloud the cold words stating that Lady Mary was dead, and a week after her husband had followed her to the tomb. "It is useless for you to ask for more money," wrote the heir. "Your letters will lie unanswered. My mother was very kind to you, but I haven't forgotten Madeline's high-handed manner, and some of those epithets she applied to me at our last meeting. Your cousin, James."

Mary felt the frail form under her arm shiver in convulsive way, and then the white head sank upon her breast, and Mary screamed that her father had fainted. Hannah, passing the door at that instant, hurried in to help Mary bear him to his bed and apply restoratives. Corinne had risen at the reading of the letter. Now looking at the undisturbed Madeline, she said in tense voice: "Were you born entirely without feeling? Have you no pity for that old man?"

"What can I do? I have no money—no way to get any," snapped her companion, now pettishly.

"If you had married the Baron, as you should have done—would have done had it not been for your infatuation for that fascinating Burr, this would not have come upon us. And at the time of the breaking of your betrothal that man was not free to marry you. Can you never learn to be discreet, to guard your good name?"

Madeline turned abruptly upon her sister, her eyes flashing with frenzy, when again the door opened, and this time Lisette ushered in a young man, saying:

"He done skeert me into fotchin' him up. Said he had no card, an' no time to be foolin' wiff sech."

Madeline's eyes again took on an uneasy expression as the young man advanced to the table near which she sat, and then, with careful touch, took from a paper wrapping, lying as carefully before her, a small heart-shaped locket attached to a small chain. Beside it he plaved a folded paper, blood-stained and showing a perforation through all of its folds. This done, he turned to Madeline and said, hoarsely:

"I bring these mementoes to you. The friends of the dead men would not receive them, but sent me with them to you. This locket bears your name and face. We found it next the Count's heart. It did not deflect the course of the bullet that Roger Martel sent direct into that heart. Here is the love letter that you must have written Roger. We found it, too, above his heart. Both are dead. Both died instantly, without suffering. That may be no consolation to a false woman, but it is slightly so to us, his friends." With this the young man, who had not removed his hat on coming into the presence of the sisters, now moved almost reverently away from these sad tokens on the table and abruptly left the room.

At the mention of Roger Martel's name, Corinne, her eyes dilating, had come swiftly up to the table. Her voice seemed to have entirely gone from her. Vainly, as the young man spoke, did she try to interrupt him, but no sound would come to her lips. She knew that locket. She had one like it, a present to both these had been when quite young. It was not upon the locket her eyes were resting, but that bit of blood-stained bullet-marked paper. The words were not so blurred that they did not show up in a way easily to be read, dated not three months past, telling Roger of her eternal love for him, her unswerving fidelity to his love until death did them part, and all signed with the name "Madeline."

Promises made and broken ere made! These words, this letter, he had worn next his heart even when he had pledged his troth to herself, and he had died for Madeline's sake. All this was burning through and through Corinne's brain. "Oh, God, I am accursed, accursed!" were her first words, as she slipped down by the table and pressed her lips to the blood upon the letter, then flung it from her as though it had been a viper. Rising, she gazed into the calmly beautiful face regarding her feeling with smiling contempt. Controlling her voice until it was simply a whispered hiss, she said:

"I have loved him. I love him yet, despite this letter from you to him. You are a devil in woman's guise sent to lure men to death. You do it by your beauty. I hate you, hate you to the death, and hate your beauty more than I do you, poor, scheming blot of creation. I shall never love again. I live now only for hate, hate of you and all connected with you in any way. I hate that man who kept you here. Had it not been for him who rightly belongs to another woman, you would have married and gone to England ere Roger Martel ever crossed your path, and then my love would have been safe. Oh! I hate that man who keeps you from marrying with a hate that equals the one I hold for you. May your beauty fade until not only Aaron Burr but every man that looks upon you turns away with loathing and disgust. May you live to call, to cry, to agonize for the love of the man your heart is famishing for, and may your love shrink from and scorn you, and leave you to a blackness and despair in life, to which death will come to you at last as a long-welcomed blessing!"

With these words flung at random out of her intense anger, her aching heart, Corinne staggered out of the room and locked herself and her wild grief away from the sight of the world, not allowing the gentle Mary, the one person she would let come near her, to speak of her trouble until months had passed, and once again she faced the world, pale and shrinking.

This thrilling story of colonial days will be continued in next week's Ledger, developing situations of intense and dramatic interest and disclosing the fascinating power of Aaron Burr and the baleful influence of his life on those about him. Each subscriber is offered patterns and cameras free as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Items of Interest.

President Cobrera of Guatemala, has appointed Lieutenant L. A. De Clairmont of Denver a member of his staff. The Lieutenant is now on the way to assume his duties.

Miss Lola La Follette, daughter of Wisconsin's Governor, hopes to secure the consent of her parents to her going on the stage, after her graduation from the State University.

A new superintendent, Miss Agnes Martin, has recently taken charge of the Peoria Deaconess Hospital. Miss Norton, a graduate of Wesley Hospital, Chicago, has just entered as superintending nurse. This releases Miss Lucy Hall, who has given the hospital years of efficient service.

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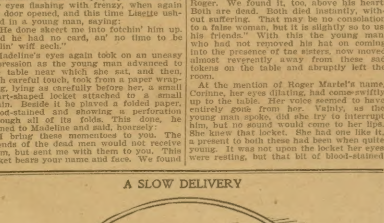

Wife—Did you notice how full of his subject our pastor was this morning?
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QUEEN OF THE LOVE-RED ROSE;

OR

Mignon's Tragic Career. . . . . . By Constance Beatrice Willard.

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CHAPTER IX.

“A love that, in spite of its trust and truth,
Seems never to thrive in a world like this.”

All these months Gordon Wainwright was progressing rapidly. Owing to his natural sagacity and excellent education, he was continually advanced by his editor, especially when he learned that Barton Thompson preferred him to any other man. By degrees the entire political department of the paper was placed in his hands, and as the spring election came on he was known to every leading man in his party, not only in Chicago, but throughout Cook County, and many in the State. This being a presidential year, especial importance was attached to local events, and he was busy from morning to night. Often he was a guest at the Thompson home, and he was charmed by the courtesy displayed by the husband, and the warm friendship of the wife.

Mrs. Thompson had withdrawn her petition for a divorce and was apparently perfectly happy. No one understood her motives for either filing her petition or withdrawing it, but had Gordon been anything but the modest, honest fellow he was, it is probable that a conversation he had with her one evening in February might have enlightened him.

He had gone to West Baden for his paper, to interview several prominent politicians down in the State, who were spending a week or two at this great political resort, when he was called by name, and, turning, saw Mrs. Thompson in her Victoria. He was glad to see her, both on her own account and that of her husband, for he had finished his business and sent it home by wire.

As he entered her suite in the largest and best hotel there, several hours later on, he was charmed by the cordial, yet somewhat subdued, greeting she gave him, and settled down for an hour of pleasant chit chat.

She was artlessly dressed in a clinging white silken robe, confined at the waist by a golden girdle, and about her lovely throat was a dazzling necklace of diamonds. Her fingers as usual sparkled with many rings, and her voice was mellow and sweet. At last she said suddenly, leaning forward and laying a hand upon his knee:

“What do you think of divorce?”

“Divorce? Me? Why do you ask?” he said a little bewildered, for their conversation had been far from any such subject.

“Well, I just came upon such a sad case. There are two young people I know of who love each other so dearly.” The dark eyes were nearly closed, both hands were clasped in her lap, and she leaned her golden head back against the dark blue velvet chair.

Gordon was thinking of Mignon, so scarcely followed her words. Ah! when was it that he was not thinking of her, and his blindness in allowing her to slip from his hands!

“Unfortunately, the lady is married to a man she cannot love, and so they are distracted. What would you advise my friend to do?”

“I beg pardon,” he said, a trifle absently.

“What shall this poor thing do? She loves him so dearly, and yet those wretched marriage ties separate them.”

“Your friend is married, you say?”

“Yes, poor thing!”

“Well, that ends it, I should think. Let her do her best by her husband and put the fellow out of her head. He must be a nice kind of a beast to make love to another man's wife,” and Gordon looked disgusted.

“Then you would not advise her to get a divorce?”

“What for?”

“The lovers could then be married.”

“Why, Mrs. Thompson, you know you do not mean what you say. No woman fit for you to associate with would even contemplate such a thing. For a woman to get a divorce in order to marry another man deserves a very harsh name.”

The black eyes looked at the handsome man with a curious, hidden expression in them; then the golden head raised, and Mrs. Thompson was once more the society lady.

“I felt that was right, but really we women know so little of the world. It is nice to have you to ask about things. No,” holding up a little hand, “I know you are going to say that I have Mr. Thompson; so I have, in theory, but the wife of a politician has to lend her husband to so many interests that she gets very lonely at times.”

“I think he is the lonely one just now,” Gordon faltered.

She smiled pleasantly. “I know it, but I had to come down here to see about some little matters. You see, I often am able to help Barton when no one but he and I know. Are you going back tomorrow? Yes? Then you can escort me,” and thus it was that Gordon Wainwright took back to his benefactor the wife he might have easily stolen.

Nothing was further from Gordon's thoughts. He was becoming thoroughly alarmed relative to Mignon. At last he put a detective upon her track, but there were no results. Then it was he received a letter from Jacob, who told him of his father's death and the fact that his stepmother had managed to get eevrything for herself and children, adding:

“I've a few dollars that I'm going to use coming to the city. I want to see you about Mignon. I won't believe that lie, and yet I have had no answer to my letter telling her of father's death.”

These words nearly drove him frantic, and then it was that he contracted the habit of walking beside the lake after he had finished his duties for the night, until day reddened the eastern waters.

At last Jacob arrived, worn and terrified. Together they went to the last address she had given, but could get nothing from the landlady further than the fact that she had gone away and left no address. Back once more they went to Digby, who was a faithful henchman of Gordon's by this time, and he had to admit that if she had been spirited away she could not have more utterly vanished. As to the lying letter, Gordon utterly scoffed at it, but longed to get his fingers upon the throat of the writer. Hunt, work as they might, there appeared absolutely no trace. To all intents and purposes Mignon was swallowed up in the great seething mass, and brother and lover had to confess themselves defeated. Jacob went back to his country home with several hundred dollars thrust upon him by Gordon, which he finally accepted as a loan, and with which he established himself and John on a farm, saying earnestly to Gordon as they parted:

“If you ever come up with her, tell her there's a place in her brother's home and heart for her. There will be no wife to object, for when I found Delia was so prudish that she wouldn't consent to having Mignon, I was taught my lesson. John and I will work and keep a home for her, no matter what she has done,” while Gordon replied earnestly:

“And do you think I would judge her harshly? No matter where she is, or what she is, Mignon McKinzie is my love and always shall be.”

CHAPTER X.

“Oh, Love, between me and my God,
If I, by the Throne, should behold you,
Smiling up with those eyes loved so well,
Close, close in my arms I would fold you.”

And where was Mignon all this time, while her father died of grief and hearts were broken for knowledge of the sweet, lovely girl they all loved so dearly?

When she went forth that awful night, alone, cold and hungry, turned away as even the most heartless would have hesitated to treat a dog, she wandered about the streets for several hours, finally creeping into the waiting room of a depot. Upon the hard benches she sat until morning, when she was driven out. The air was bitterly cold, and she was so weak that it was with difficulty that she walked, but she was afraid to stand still. On and on she wandered, driven almost desperate by the tempting odors which floated out from various restaurants. Several times she went through the Fair and other stores, striving to get warm, but at last felt that this might appear suspicious, and took up her line of march outside. It was not only cold but one of Chicago's winds was making everything unbearable. By a clock she saw that it was not far from noon. If she did not obtain food soon she felt she would do something desperate.

Faint with fasting and exhaustion, she leaned against a mail box. Everything was whirling, and there was a dark blackness settling over everything, when a dearly-loved voice said in her ear:

“Why, my darling.”

“I am starving,” she whispered, and without a moment's delay he drew her arm through his and called a cab. In a few minutes he had her in a private room at the restaurant they had been accustomed to visit in the old days, and when he had ordered some strong soup and a glass of port, Mr. Chatterton said gently:

“Never mind about anything, Mignon, dear. Just get some strength and then you can tell me little or nothing, can go away from me again, or let me explain that I meant nothing evil, but was trying to tell you how I wanted us to be married.”

The word marriage did Mignon more good than either soup or port, but until she had eaten moderately, for he feared to let her take too much food, he would say nothing more. Then he asked:

“Will you come back to the office once more, and let me say what I wish? No one need see you, for you can come in the private door.”

“Then there is no one there?” she whispered.

“No one. I have had a young man do my work, and he has been in the outside office. No one could take your place, darling.”

Silently they drove back the several blocks to the office building, for it was almost in front of it that she had fainted, and when she entered the well-remembered office there on her dear desk she had so longed for was a huge bunch of the roses he called her love-red ones. While he ordered a carriage he had also sent for them to be placed in his office on that particular desk.

All seemed the same, except herself and the man. Instinctively she saw that Chatterton's face had grown thinner, and that there were dark circles under his eyes and lines about his mouth.

With tenderness welling up in her heart she said softly:

“You, too, have suffered,’ ’and he answered sadly:

“Yes, Mignon, I, too, have suffered, and perhaps a little unjustly.”

“I know, I know,” she whispered. “I know you meant no harm, but I was so stupid.”

“I have always lived in the midst of a great crowd, surrounded by society, which I hate, and I thought we might be very happy in a quiet little home of our own. I want you for my wife, Mignon; will you marry me?”

The man spoke with averted face, but he could feel the expression of joy which flashed into the dear one as she cried:

“Why, of course I will!”

“Will you go off from this city to Milwaukee, say, with me, and have the ceremony performed quietly by some justice of the peace?” he continued.

Mignon did not hesitate a moment. Feeling, as she did, heartily ashamed of her former suspicions, she was glad to oblige him, and she replied gladly that she would.

“This afternoon?” came the next question, and with a slight blush she consented.

Learning of the detention of her trunk, he ordered a carriage and they went for it, she remaining in the vehicle while he and the driver bearded the landlady, who was a very civil person when her hands were filled with banknotes. Chatterton easily secured her promise not to give any of the circumstances of Mignon's leaving, but just to say, “Left without giving any address,” which instructions she carried out to the letter. He also told her that if any mail arrived it was Mignon's wish that the same be written on the letters and they returned to the postoffice, and enforcing his remarks with another roll of bills, he left, and she went back into her house, wishing with all her heart that lodgers like Mignon would come to her every day.

Re-entering the carriagee, Chatterton gave the direction, “Harrison street depot,” and then took Mignon's little hand in his own.

“My darling will have to wear a ring of mine until I can get her another, which will be tomorrow,” he whispered, taking a band of gold from his little finger and trying it upon her slender one. It was too big, but would answer the purpose. Then he asked:

“Which shall it be, my dear, this ring of mine cut down to fit as a keeper,” pointing to the magnificent diamond she had noticed at the picnic, “or a new one?”

“Yours,” she whispered, and he laughed triumphantly as he helped her from the carriage, and told her to go into the waiting room until he secured the tickets. A little later a boy in uniform summoned her, and, following him, she was conducted to a stateroom on the car, where her trunk and a handsome new traveling bag, as well as her roses, were awaiting her pleasure. There was also Freeman Chatterton, who, closing the door, said pleasantly:

“I thought you might like a change. The dressing-room is in there,” turning the knob of a door leading into a perfectly appointed toilet room, with gleaming marble bathtub. “I will go into the smoker and come to call you when we reach Milwaukee, or, better still, you leave the car when we get there, and pass into the ladies' waiting room. Good-by, my darling. No, I will not kiss you once until you feel that I have righted a grievous wrong,” and, smiling, he hurried away, leaving her with a heart overrunning with gratitude and joy. He sat smoking and musing over the step he was contemplating, although had he taken the time to read a telegram thrust into his hands by an A. D. T. boy just as he was leaving his office to join Mignon, who had already gone down into the carriage, matters might have taken on a different complexion. As it was, he smoked and thought, sitting in the corner of the car, his hat drawn down over his face, and whispering to himself:

“Who would believe that I, a lawyer, would do such a thinf?” Another long puff of his cigar, then he resumed his musings:

“Bigamy is a mighty ugly word, but as she can't be won in any other way, I'll risk it, for I cannot live without her, my Mignon, my love-red rose.”

CHAPTER XI.

“And even the Devil hid his face when such
a crime was committed in the name of
love.”

Perhaps nothing Chatterton had done in all her acquaintance with him touched Mignon like his delicate consideration in providing an opportunity for her to remove the traces of her night of wandering. Joyously she filled the tub with hot water, and luxuriated in the refreshing bath, which she ended with a cold shower. Wrapped in her bath robe she thoroughly enjoyed the dainty lunch he had sent in to her, and finally dressed herself in her neat tailor-made suit she had bought a very short time before she had left Chatterton's employ the previous fall. Invigorated by her bath, rest and the nourishing food, as well as cheered and sustained by the thought that all the bitterness was gone, it was a different Mignon whom the ardent lover met and put in a carriage, from the wan, drear-eyed girl he rescued that very day.

Darkness had settled on the city of Milwaukee, but the streets were brilliantly lighted, and she noticed the various glowing windows as they were whirled along toward their destination, although what that might be she did not know. Perfect trust in the man by her side filled her heart, and she was absolutely contented, although he did not speak until the carriage stopped, when he opened the door and said softly:

“Come, Mignon,” and she, laying her hand in his, was assisted to the ground and hurried up a long flight of stairs into a grim, dirty-looking room, where two men were sitting, evidently waiting. Both rose, and one came forward.

“Ready?” Chatterton asked in a low tone.

“Yes,” was the laconic answer, and then she felt Chatterton's hand close over hers and the strange man said a few words hastily, the import of which she did not catch, but she did hear Chatterton say in a voice which trembled:

“I do,’ ’and she answered mechanically:

“I do,” and then, rousing from her bewildered state, she heard the man say in a firm tone:

“Then I pronounce you man and wife,” and her heart was filled with joy that she was at last the wife of this handsome man by her side, although she wondered at his excessive pallor. The leading man filled out a paper, which the other man signed, gave it to Chatterton, and it was all over except that, before they descended the stairs Chatterton pulled off her left glove and slipped his two rings on her little hand, then picking her up in his arms ran lightly down the steps and placed her in the carriage as carefully as though she were a bit of choice porcelain.

An hour later, having dined in the suite of apartments in the magnificent Plankington, Chatterton stood before her, looking down at the graceful girl sitting there, now all his own. How delicate, pure and sweet she looked, without a stain upon her, as innocent as in her girlhood days. Was it not possible for him to leave her before any harm had been done? Was he cruel enough to crush the impress of the love-red rose upon her gentle bosom? Could he not leave her worthy to wear the clean, white roses from the bush her mother had planted? The deep, true eyes were lifted to his face, as he stood looking at her, and Mignon asked softly:

“Why do you look at me that way? You frighten me,” and his good resolutions fled like the gauzy morning mists before the rising sun, and he said with a fierce intensity:

“Because I love you so.” But still he did not offer to touch her, although great beads of perspiration stood out on his temples.

“Do you really love me?” she asked, a tender light in her eyes. “You have not asked me if I love you,” with an arch smile.

Dropping on his knee by her side, Chatterton caught one little hand in his and buried his face in her dress, while he said in a muffled tone:

“Do you love me? Tell me, Mignon, do you love me, and how much, how much?”

Always simple in speech, she laid her other hand on the smooth, dark head on her knee and said earnestly:

“More than anything and everything on earth.”

With his face still buried from sight he asked again:

“Then you do love me? You missed me during this horrible time?”

“Miss you—miss you!” The young voice rose in a wail. “I have lived a lifetime during these awful weeks.”

Chatterton raised a flushed face.

“I will make it all up to you, my precious one, I swear it. You shall never regret marrying me, upon my soul I swear it. I shall devote my best efforts to make you happy, oh! my darling, my darling!” and with a sobbing tone in his voice he took her reverently in his arms and kissed her gently upon the sweet lips.

After a moment he asked again in that strange, subdued voice:

“What would you do now if you lost me?”

Mignon gave a sobbing cry and clutched him by the arm.

“Please do not speak that way, dear; I cannot stand it.”

Again he paused a moment before asking so low that she could scarcely hear him:

“Suppose, darling, that I had intended what you thought, would anything have induced you to change your mind?”

A pair of startled eyes were raised to his; then Mignon said earnestly:

“Please forget my wickedness in even thinking you could have such ideas.”

“But just suppose for a moment that I had made you think that way; if I had been one of those hypnotists, as it were, what would you have done had you found out?”

The startled expression was still in the lovely eyes, as she answered slowly:

“There would have been nothing else for me to do than to kill myself. As I told you, I was brought up very strictly, and although there is a great deal I do not understand—though I do know more than I did—I do understand the difference between right and wrong.”

Warm, tender kisses fell upon the soft right hand. Somehow the man seemed to shun the one bearing his rings.

“As I have been taught, all the repentance, tears without end, cannot wash such a stain away.”

“Stop, darling, stop!” Chatterton whispered, again burying his face against her soft arm.

“Listen, my husband. Some terrible, spiteful malice has pursued me ever since I left you,” and briefly she told him of her experiences, speaking so earnestly of her grief and unhappiness that tears gathered in the man's eyes, and several times he sought to stop her, but she continued:

“Just be patient with me and let me tell you everything; and then I want to forget it. Some letter or other was sent my poor father, and it killed him. He believed it—my own father believed such an awful thing of me, and died cursing me.”

Sobs choked her utterance, and she bowed her face in her hands, while he who had formerly been willing enough to draw her to him, was motionless, his own eyes sternly fixed on the blazing fire before which they now were seated.

"My darling!" Mignon suddenly cried, turning to him and holding out her hand. "My father is dead, my family have cast me off, believing such monstrous things of me, and I am now all alone except for you."

Chatterton caught the little hands eagerly.

"And I will be everything to you. I will make you so, so happy! Say that you love me, my love, and forgive me for so frightening you that miserable day."

"We will forget it utterly," was the sweet answer, as a pair of soft arms went around his neck and a pair of tender lips were pressed to his.

"And you forgive me?"

"Entirely. In fact, I think I am the one to be forgiven," with a bright smile, "for I ought to have known that you could never have thought such terrible things about me. Why, you love me too much, don't you?"

"Willingly I will never cause you a moment's pain," he cried hoarsely. "And as I have sworn before, I will make you happy no matter what the cost to me," and a desperate expression came into the eyes of the famous attorney.

"I know you will," Mignon whispered. "Why worry any more? I am going to try and forget everything except that I have you and your love. Everything that was evil in the past shall be wiped out. My own people could believe wrong of me and cast me off, and so will I them. To think, out of that girlhood past there was not one to defend me."

Oh, foolish Mignon! when at this very moment both Gordon and Jacob are nearly breaking their hearts over you.

"That is right, my sweetness. Life is long and bright before us. Many times and often will we rejoice over our happiness, and declare that we would not exchange lots with a single living soul. If anything does trouble you, you will tell me?"

"Of course, of course, Mr. Chatterton," Mignon said quickly.

"And she calls me 'Mr. Chatterton'!" he cried in mock despair, looking fondly into the lovely face.

"What shall I call you, then?"

The man's face flushed as he said slowly:

"I wonder, darling, if you could learn to call me by my middle name—Lucian?"

"Do you like it best?" she asked, innocently.

"Any name would sound sweet from those darling lips, but, dearest, you know what I said about not wanting to live in the world."

"Yes, of course."

"Well, my sweetheart, unfortunately I am pretty well known, and if we were to use all of my name people would find us out and we would be dragged into the very circles I have so wanted to escape."

There were no shadows in her loyal eyes. Mignon, having given her trust, believed implicitly each word he said.

"With this idea in view, if you have no objection, my own one, we will be Mr. and Mrs. Lucian Freeman."

"All right; just as you want," she replied sweetly.

"Oh, but I will make up to you for all this," he said, catching her in his arms and kissing her until she felt faint with joy.

For a moment she lay back, smiling in his arms, then jumping up she danced over to the stand where were hundreds of the roses she had learned to associate so inseparably with their love; she caught them up in her arms, buried her face in them and with deft fingers filled her hair and her dress with them. Taking up the rest, she crossed the room and with a gay, happy laugh flung them over Chatterton as he sat watching her, a strange expression in his eyes, and throwing herself in his arms she said, delightedly:

"Here we are, my darling husband—your roses steeped in love, yours and only yours," while he, his face pale as death, strained her to his heart and muttered between his teeth:

"My God! her love is worth the risk I am running and the crime I am committing both against her and the laws of the land."

CHAPTER XII.

"When love is vain, what use is freedom?"

The races were in progress at Washington Park Clubhouse, and the handsome grounds were crowded. Upon the balconies of the clubhouse were some of the leaders in society, notably Mrs. Thompson. She was not as brilliant as usual, although her elegant costume, combined with her strange combination of coloring, made a woman who never passed unnoticed. The handsome face looked a little worn, however, and her manner was slightly strained, because for over an hour she had been eagerly watching for a loved one.

A mere social butterfly, she had married Barton Thompson because he was the richest man who asked her, and had lived, delighted, in the midst of the luxury with which he had surrounded her. Then, suddenly, had come that runaway. With plenty of physical courage she had faced the impending death without flinching. Before her unfaltering eyes, however, had flashed a figure. With daring courage she saw the strong hand grip the bit, and the man stop the rearing animals by sheer bodily force. At that moment Daphne Thompson's heart went from her keeping, and she loved with the fierceness of a suddenly awakened passion the entirely unconscious Gordon.

This love had grown stronger and stronger until it mastered her entirely. At first she had thought that if she could become free he would marry her, but in her conversation with him when she had followed him to West Baden from another winter resort where she had been staying after deciding to apply for a divorce, she knew that this was out of the question.

Daphne Thompson was a woman of strong passions, but she was also a woman of long social training, for she came of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of the West, and originally from the South. Therefore, although her love was consuming her, she could move among her associates, be thrown into almost daily contact with Gordon, without it being suspected that she regarded him with anything but a kindly toleration. No one knew the truth but her husband.

He knew and understood how hopeless the matter was as far as she was concerned, for Barton Thompson seldom made any mistake in gauging a man, and he knew that Gordon's honor was such that he not only was incapable of wronging any man in such a way, but that he was also incapable of believing that such a course could be taken by any one with a spark of honor. Years before, the husband had realized the mistake he had made in marrying, and considerately left his wife to take her own course, plentifully, lavishly supplying her with money, and giving her his support wherever needed. Otherwise they were as far separated as though the oceans rolled between them, and he had absolutely no home life. After he saw how her love was growing for Gordon, he felt he had been remiss in allowing her to be thrown upon her own resources so completely, and welcomed the friendship of the honorable, upright young man, with whom he knew he could trust even so strong-willed and desperate a woman as his wife. So that it was Gordon whom he had represent him on numerous occasions; Gordon whom he welcomed to his house, and threw into the society of his wife.

"It will not hurt the boy," he mused one day, sitting in his private office, with his hands pressed against his aching head, for he was subject lately to terrible headaches. "And it is a protection to my honor and her purity. He is too honorable to even be singed, and then, if I am not mistaken, his heart is filled with the memory of that stenographer. Dear me! I wish we could find her for the boy. Wonder if Digby knows any more than he tells. Probably his cruelty drove her away," and he sighed again. Through Gordon, Mr. Thompson had learned of the treatment employes in Digby's department received, our hero having become very friendly with Tom Groton because of his friendship for Mignon. As a result Mr. Thompson made some necessary changes, and Digby was placed in charge of matters for which he had a natural genius, and a new manager controlled the department where the young girl from the country had passed her four weeks of martyrdom.

Upon this particular afternoon Mrs. Thompson felt that life was really becoming a burden. She hated the empty round of social pleasures, and longed with an intensity which seemed to change her very being for some quiet, sequestered place where she could win and keep Gordon's love.

The sun was too hot; she hated the people about her, all envying her—the pampered wife of so powerful a man. It was now nearly two years since she had first seen the handsome young face, and yet it seemed a century. During that time he had so improved. Naturally a gentleman, constant association with men of culture and affairs had given him that nameless something which mde him distinguished and talked of wherever seen. To have a man like him in her train was a triumph, even if he attended her simply as an envoy of her husband.

Less than two years since he had come to the great city, and yet Gordon Wainwright was making great strides forward. A the private secretary of Mr. Thompson, as he now was, he was a power in himself, for many important matters had to be decided by him, for which Mr. Thompson had no time. He was also powerful in the party, and at the last convention at Springfield he had been one of the delegates. His name was spoken of as a good man to send to the Legislature, although he utterly refused to think of the matter, for his aspirations did not lie toward a political life. He wanted to remain in the city, for there he felt lay the solution of Mignon's fate. All this time he continued his writing, and had a book on political economics nearly ready for the press, a book which was already accepted by a New York house upon very flattering terms.

As Mrs. Thompson's eager eyes saw him coming toward the clubhouse she noted with pride his upright bearing, his courteous manner, and although she could scarcely curb her impatience to hear his voice once more, she was proud that he was forced to stop so many times to exchange greetings with the various men in the grounds and upon the verandas.

At last he reached her side and lifted his hat gracefully. Her woman's eyes took in every detail of the handsome suit of tan; the faultless linen; the smooth, clean-shaven face, whose velvety texture testified to daily shaving, and her heart gave a wild throb as his well-modulated voice, richer now and sweeter than Freeman Chatterton's on that memorable Fourth of July, for it carried in it a ring of sincerity which his always lacked, said:

"Many apologies, Mrs. Thompson, but there were so many things to clear up before I could get off. It appears very warm here. Do you want to go home?"

"Oh, yes, I am so tired of it all!" she answered in a low tone.

"I have the Victoria with me," he answered, glad for her to leave, for he did not like the expression on the faces of several of her acquaintances as he came up.

Almost silently they drove to the palatial mansion on the Lake Shore Drive, where Mr. Thompson caged his bird, but as the carriage drew up under the massive archway, and Gordon carefully assisted Mrs. Gordon to alight, she said imperiously:

"Come in, I have something to say to you," and raising his hat, Gordon complied, although he longed to go to Lincoln Park, get into his canoe and row far out on the lake and study over once more the mystery he was endeavoring to solve.

Mrs. Thompson led the way to her own suite of rooms, and pausing in the middle of an exquisite drawing-room, all in white and gold like herself, she threw her costly hat on a chair and turned toward him, almost angrily.

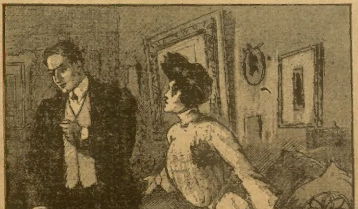
The love in her heart was overflowing. Seeing him standing there in her presence so cool, collected and indifferent, was more than she could bear, and she cried, petulantly:

"Gordon Wainwright, of what are you made?"

Gordon smiled pleasantly. He was used to her moods, and generally treated her as he would have treated a spoiled child.

"About the same material as most people, I expect," was his careless answer.

The magnificent woman came close to him; her black eyes blazed, and her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. To many men she would have looked very alluring in her exquisite white gown, which brought out every good point, and left but little to be imagined in its transparent texture. To him she was simply the wife of his employer, a woman a little difficult to endure at times, but one to be honored because she bore the name of the man he so respected.



"I can only remember that I love, love you."

"Oh, Gordon, Gordon!" she half sobbed, holding out her hands."

"Why, what is it?" he asked soothingly. Without doubt she was going to be more tiresome than usual.

"Are you made of stone that you cannot see? Have you no blood in your veins?" she cried, dashing aside his cool hand extended to lead her to a seat.

"Mrs. Thompson," he said, laughingly, "I am afraid I have been a little more clumsy than usual. Tell me what is the matter, and we'll fix it up, if Chicago has to be re-districted again. Come, what is it?"

The bejeweled hands had gone up before the white face, but they were removed now, and Daphne Thompson said brokenly:

"Come here, beside me on the couch. Now, Gordon, look me in the face and tell me if you have never guessed my secret."

Puzzled, the young man complied, but as he looked into those flashing eyes, burning with passion, his soul recoiled and he said sternly:

"No, never, Mrs. Thompson. Stop! Remember who you are and what I am."

I can only remember that I am a poor, helpless woman and you are the man I love—yes, you cannot stop me, I love, love you, and I am dying on account of it," and before he could prevent it she threw herself in his arms.

The handsome young face was stern about the mouth, but there was a gentleness in the eyes as he laid her gently upon the couch and stood looking down at her as she sobbed out her shame and grief. At last as she became somewhat composed he said gravely:

"Mrs. Thompson, you and your kind, noble husband has been so good to me that I can never repay the debt. Both of you have helped me upward until all that I am today I owe to your good services. He has pushed me upward, and you have given me a solace I shall never forget, for during the time I have been with you my heart has been almost breaking."

Daphne raised her head as he said this, and started to speak, but he continued rapidly:

"Trusting to your womanly sympathy and goodness of heart, I am going to tell you my poor little secret. I have loved a girl since my boyhood. She came to the city, and has disappeared utterly and completely. Night after night have I walked along the lake, listing to its soothing messages, trying to still my grief, but in vain. As long as I live, Mrs. Thompson, no matter what happens, no other image will ever find a place in my heart."

In those few minutes the woman was thinking very rapidly. Evidently he was going to ignore her outburst, and if she wanted to see him again she must control herself, so, wiping her eyes, she sat up and smiled slightly.

"That is right, let me ring for a little wine. You must be careful and not expose yourself to the heat," Golden said quickly, although his heart was filled with dismay.

After she had sipped the wine slowly she asked quietly:

"Will you tell me the name of the girl?"

"Mignon McKinzie," Gordon replied in a low voice, turning his face toward the window from which he could see the great lake under whose translucent waters might even now be lying the beautiful black-haired girl.

As she heard the unusual name Mrs. Thompson started. She remembered well one day when she was calling upon Freeman Chatterton relative to her proposed divorce, that he had gone into an inner room, and, speaking to a marvelously beautiful girl sitting before a machine, had called her Mignon.

"Was she light or dark?" Mrs. Thompson asked, although her lips still trembled.

"Dark, I suppose, although her face bloomed with wild roses, and was as clear and healthy looking as that of a child. She had dark eyes and fluffy black hair, in which glimmered golden shades," and as he spoke Gordon remembered the girl as she stood in her father's yard, laughingly talking of her career. Poor, helpless child! What had her career led her to, and where was she now?

"Have you a picture of her?" This last was asked in the lady's usual tones, but a fearful storm was raging under the calm exterior.

"Yes," taking a small card from his pocketbook and holding it out, but not giving it to her. This was too precious to him for it to leave his possession for a moment. As Daphne Thompson's eyes fell upon the faded representation she know that the girl she had seen in Mr. Chatterton's office was the original of the photograph so fondly cherished by the man before her.

"I think I will remember, so that if I ever come up with her I will recognize her. Poor boy! It is too terrible that you should have suffered as you have. Take courage," and she smiled quite gaily, although her eyes were still red; "and we will have her with us."

Gordon gazed at the Delilah before him in amazement, then he said, gratefully:

"You are only adding to the list of obligations I am under to you," and he bowed himself out of the room.

As he thoughtfully traced his footsteps to the library where he did much of the outside business pertaining to his position, a hand was laid on his arm, and Barton Thompson stood before him.

"Mr. Thompson!" Gordon cried, but the honest blue eyes could squarely meet the keen gray ones of the elder man, and instinctively their hands met; then Thompson, drawing Gordon into the library and closing the door, said earnestly:

"Thank God honor is not entirely crushed out of this generation!"

"You overheard, then?" Gordon asked, sorrowfully.

"Only what I have known for a long time. I knew I could trust the honor of us both in your clean hands and I have not been mistaken. The question now is, will you protect her against herself and save my name?"

"Certainly, in any way I can. But how?"

"Overlook what was said this afternoon,

(Continued on page fifteen.)

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A flirt is a girl who is afraid she will be left at the post.

Some people forgive and forget and others forget to forgive.

There is no end to the trouble in a family that has two heads.

The more women see of men the more they find to admire in mirrors.

Ocean rates are getting so low that sailing is cheaper than swimming.

The neighbors of an amateur cornet player have no use for the horn of plenty.

Though the Czar may be leaning toward liberalism, at least he is pretty well braced against it.

The waves, like some men, arrive at the seashore in grand style—and likewise go away broke.

If remorse were the advance agent of temptation there would probably be less sin in the world.

A man gets lots of things he doesn't want in this world, and a woman wants a lot of things she doesn't get.

Japan may be a civilized nation, but up to date none of its naval officers has gone to scrapping in the magazines.

Will the next man who leaves Mr. Bryan money in his will please hand it to him personally, so as to avoid hitches?

Czar Nicholas should make a good father, for the Japs have seen to it that he has had plenty of practice in walking the floor.

Tom Watson may have noted that there is no general demand to know what alterations in the White House he would desire.

Love may be blind, yet the lovelorn youth is quick to detect his best girl in the act of making "googoo" eyes at the other fellow.

Grand Duke Michael may never be Czar, but with such a widespread popular craze for dynamite bombs in the empire his chances to become regent are not so bad.

A cut of from $5 to $11 a ton is announced in the products of the steel and wire trust. If produce keeps going up we may yet be obliged to learn to eat nails as breakfast food.

Many millionaires who agree with Carnegie and Schwab that it is wrong to die rich can point out at least that they have done their best to prevent others from doing so.

A man is making his living drinking twenty-one quarts of water eight different times a day in a museum. Kentucky should provide him with a tract on the evils of intemperance.

A MAN OF MYSTERY;
...OR...
WHO WAS BETRAYED.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

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CHAPTER XVI.
A SERIES OF SURPRISES.

The thrifty Mrs. Fogarty, failing to meet her not over-modest expectations from Lark Lawless, had not been averse to the negotiations which had been speedily proposed by McDermot; and, all unknown to her conjugal mate, she had agreed to leave her charge unattended from eight to ten, on the evening specified.

Lawless had not, in the two days that had elapsed since the abduction of Cora St. Orme, plucked up sufficient courage to call upon her. The fact was that he had no desire to be confronted with that young lady, and preferred that she should remain in ignorance of the identity of her captor.

But Cora had no doubt on that point whatever. No sooner had she come to consciousness, and found herself in a strange place, than, recalling what had last occurred in the park, she fixed upon Larkin Lawless as the author of it all.

She remembered the last look he gave her, as he left the conservatory, and, as plainly as if she had heard his spoken threat, she felt that she had in that interview given utterance to her own sentence.

Had such a thought occurred to her at that time she would have smiled at the suggestion that he could in any way work her injury; but now, after the lapse of only a few days, she was, for so she felt persuaded, completely in his power.

Cora was not submitted to any indignity in her imprisonment. She was waited upon assiduously, and with the most studied politeness; and, except that the questions she put to her attendant were unanswered, she had nothing to complain of in that respect.

Besides this woman, and she had not identified her with the treacherous old hag in the park, Cora saw no one. The rooms to which she had access were all, it was evident, in the rear of the building, and the Venetian blinds were fastened on the outside. She could not even tell whether she had been taken out of the city or not.

No newspapers were brought her, so she could not discover what notice, if any, had been taken of her absence. There were, she perceived, two or three packages of books, apparently new publications, in one of the apartments; but, in her nervous condition, she had no desire to open them.

Thus Coralie St. Orme passed the first forty-eight hours succeeding her capture.

It was night, the close of the second day, and her dinner remained nearly untasted in the room where she sat. She rang for the woman to come and remove the tray.

No one answered, and some minutes later she repeated it.

The door opened, as if in response, and, to her astonishment, a man entered!

* * * * * * *

The Frenchman went directly from the hotel, where he had possessed himself of the key he sought, to the house the location of which he well knew. It had still the same deserted appearance. But he now knew that there was some one within.

Could there, however, be some one on guard as well?

This was more than probable.

He resolved to wait on the opposite side of the street and watch for any signs of life within. In a very few minutes he was rewarded.

The door opened, and a woman came out. She glanced up and down the street, and then hurried off.

Her appearance was convincing proof that she was not the imprisoned fair one, if such there were in the case.

Mondelet lingered a little, and then became impatient. There might or might not be another custodian, but in any event he would wait no longer.

Having the key, if the one he had secured was really the right one, it could not much matter if he were challenged. At the worst he could say he was the agent of either Lawless or McDermot.

He tried the lock. He had been correct in his surmise. The key fitted.

All was dark in the passage. He groped for the staircase. He had barely begun the ascent when he heard a bell.

He halted.

There was no response that he could distinguish.

Still he lingered on the stairs, expectantly. At last he began a cautious ascent.

He had reached the head of the stairway when the bell sounded a second time.

Mondelet laid hold of the handle of the nearest door and turned it.

The door opened.

Cora St. Orme stood before him!

* * * * * * *

"Monsieur Mondelet!" exclaimed the poor girl, in surprise.

Could this be her abductor?

Had she, then, been mistaken after all?

Such were the not unnatural thoughts that first occurred to her.

"Yes, Antoine Mondelet," he said, in a respectful tone. "It is Miss St. Orme."

"You did not expect to find me here, then?" she asked.

"I knew not whom I should find," was the reply.

"Ah! You speak English?"

"Leetle, ver' leetle," answered Mondelet, more cautiously.

"I am a prisoner here," said Cora, in French.

"So I feared."

"And you—can you release me?"

"I came with that intent," he replied.

So saying, Antoine Mondelet offered his arm to Miss St. Orme, extinguished the light, and, hastily but cautiously, the two sought the street.

"Where are we?" was the young lady's first question, on reaching ot.

"In West Twenty-ninth street," answered her liberator.

"In New York?" she again queried.

He assured her of this, and then, calling a cab, they were soon on their way to the uptown mansion of Major Warder.

When Dermot McDermott came to take possession, which was nearly an hour later, Mrs. Fogarty was still absent, according to agreement, and that redoubtable gentleman found the domicile quiet, as he had expected.

It was quieter, however, than he had bargained for.

Not a sound met his ears when, having closed the street door, he stood within the hall.

Deep silence prevailed as he ascended the stairway.

"Me daisy's in the arrums of morphine, whoever she is," he chuckled; "but divil a matter that is."

McDermot had taken deeper potations than usual, and he had gone but half the length of the upper corridor, when his foot came in contact with some obstruction. He stumbled and fell.

"May the divil ate that ould catamaran!" he piously ejaculated. "Why hadn't she the gumption to l'ave the gas lighted?"

He scrambled to his feet and felt for the door of the apartment in which he supposed the fair prisoner to be confined.

Having opened it, he fumbled in his pockets for a match, and at length succeeded in striking a light. A few more attempts on his part were necessary before he had the gas blazing. Then he gazed around the partially-lighted room.

The first thing that he noticed was the tray, with Cora's scarcely touched evening meal.

"Faith, her dinner's gettin' cold, I'm after thinkin'. Why in the ould boy hasn't she woke up and attinded to it?

"There won't be time now, if we're to get out o' this in saison, which I'm bound to do, now I'm here."

He tapped on the door of the room that communicated with this.

There was no response.

He made a louder attack upon the panel.

"She's in there, of coorse," he muttered.

But, if she was, it seemed certain that she had no present intention of letting any one know it.

Dermot McDermot hesitated.

"Now, shall I purceed, or not?" he cogitated. "It must be there she is, for, barrin' he's a bigger fool nor I ever took him to be, he wouldn't give her the run of the house.

"I wish I had thought to ask that Fogarty faggot exactly how the land lay. It would ha' saved time, and purvented possible mistakes. Annyway, I'll make sure."

With this resolve, before entering the apartment in question, McDermot tried all the other doors. As he had expected, they were securely fastened. He returned, and paused, but only for a few moments, before the door at which he had previously hesitated.

"It's a fool ye're gettin' to be, Mac"—it was thus that he now apostrophized himself—"downright luny, when ye're only goin' in for rescuin' the distressed.

"And besides," he continued, "time's an object, an' that's a fact."

He plucked up his courage and opened the door. This apartment, like the other, was in darkness.

"A light is the first thing in order," he whispered, and it was no sooner said than done.

A fresh surprise was in store for him.

This room was also vacant.

It was clear, even to Dermot McDermot's muddled brain, that the bird had flown.

Had Ellen Fogarty deceived him?

Hardly, he thought. It was more probable that, in some way, the young lady had made her escape after her jailer had left.

McDermot was furious.

It was small consolation to him to remember that, such being the case, Lark Lawless was even worse disappointed than he was. He looked around him, and his glance fell upon his own packages on the table. Then he recalled what Lark had said in regard to removing the little boxes.

"And she never touched the books after all his pains," he said.

He advanced to the table, and, with one contemptuous kick, sent it and all that was upon it to the other side of the room.

A fearful explosion followed!

CHAPTER XVII.
MOURNERS IN THE VOCATIVE.

When the cab which contained Cora St. Orme and her rescuer stopped in front of the Warder mansion, Antoine stepped out, assisted the young lady to alight, and then, mounting the steps, rang the bell. As the summons was answered, Cora turned her head, and when she again looked around, the Frenchman was on the sidewalk.

She called to him, but he paid no attention. The next instant he was in the cab and it was being driven rapidly away.

Her absence had been of so short a duration, and Major Warder, having for once in his life acted under the advice of those wiser than himself, there had been no excitement in the city in regard to it.

The first fear of Cora's uncle was that she had eloped with Larkin Lawless, whose attentions recently had been too marked to escape observation. They had been by no means encouraged by the young lady's guardian, who had all along favored Ralph Rohan's pretensions; and, now that that young gentleman had begun to absent himself, he feared the worst.

Ralph's absence saved him from the anxiety and worry that would unquestionably have been his had he known of Cora's strange disappearance; and, as Major Warder had not him to consult with, he, fortunately for them all, listened to the counsel of an old friend of the family whom he took into his confidence.

This gentleman insisted that, first of all, no publicity should be given to the affair until such should be unavoidable.

He suggested that it was in the highest degree improbable that Lawless had persuaded Miss St. Orme to an elopement, as that well-known young man about town was still conspicuous in his usual haunts. What he would advise was that, for the present, the young lady's guardian content himself with employing a private detective, and giving him all the points in the case. Meanwhile, the matter was to be kept quiet, not even the household servants being allowed to think that the absence of their young mistress was at all significant.

To this Major Warder assented.

The agent whom he set to work, however, had barely gotten to work when the missing one turned up. The old Major was then thankful that he had allowed himself to be persuaded not to make a public matter of it.

Cora confided to her uncle all that had happened, and expressed her firm conviction that the iniquitous affair had been planned by Lark Lawless.

Major Warder had little to say. He had been inclined, as we know, to think very favorably of the young man until he saw that he aspired to the hand of his niece. Now there was at least one pleasant reflection. There was no longer any danger of Cora's being fascinated by him.

Ralph Rohan returned in a day or two, but it was decided that for the present, at least, he was not to be told of the startling event which had occurred.

The old Major, however, hinted to his favorite that his rival was more than likely in the future to be conspicuous by his absence, and Ralph wisely resolved to run no further risks. In direct contrast with his previous course, he plunged at once into the subject.

"You are Miss St. Orme's guardian," he began—"she is not yet of age, I believe." Ralph spoke rather hoarsely and indistinctly, it must be confessed, but his auditor knew what he was trying to get at, all the same. "What I want to know is, have I your permission to approach her with an offer of marriage?"

The grim guardian acted as if he was afraid Rohan might think better of it, and withdraw his request.

"My dear boy," he stammered out, hurriedly, "you have that, and my best wishes!"

It was almost as if he had said, "Yes, and thank you, too!"

"Cora is in the conservatory," the old gentleman added, by way of further encouragement, and Ralph acted upon the hint.

"Then, if you will allow me," he said, "I will speak for myself at once."

"No time like the present," laughed the young lady's uncle, and the hesitating applicant for matrimonial honors pushed forward.

There, where, but a week previous, Coralie St. Orme had stood under similar circumstances with Larkin Lawless, she now met Ralph Rohan.

The first greetings over, he made some allusion to his recent Southern trip, and how bleak the atmosphere of New York seemed to him on his return. This rather startled Cora, who inquired hurriedly if he thought of repeating his tour.

"Not unless you wish it," he replied.

She looked puzzled.

He continued, rather bluntly, it must be admitted:

"Cora, you have known me for years; you must have known how I felt toward you. I love you, and I have come back to tell you so!"

She bent her head and said nothing.

"I love you," he repeated, "and I am here to ask you if you will be my wife."

Still he was unanswered, but, having gone so far, he was resolved to persevere.

"If you say no, I will go away at once and never trouble you again. I have never amounted to much, but I believe I might be something of a man yet if I had you by my side always. If such was not my belief I should never dare ask you.

"Which is it to be, Cora? Am I to go or stay?"

"Stay," she said, but in a faint whisper.

"You do not send me away, then?"

"No."

* * * * * * *

Had Cora St. Orme seen the house in which she had been for two days imprisoned, on the morning following her escape, her eyes would have looked upon a wreck.

Dermot McDermot's invention had done its work. Like that of the man who sought to accelerate the decapitation of state offenders in France, it had exerted its fearful powers upon himself.

But of that fact the public was never fully informed.

All that was known with certainty was that the building had been rented in the name of one Dermot McDermot, that that gentleman had been known to go in and out, though he did not reside there, and that, from the night of the explosion, the places that once knew him knew him no more.

One other, but one only, was missing from the same date. But he was not known to have been in any way identified with the ill-starred building.

Daniel Fogarty, a shining light in the shanty-town gang, was quenched in darkness on the same eventful occasion. This was, however, not known to be his fate by more than two persons.

Lark Lawless could have told, though he did not care to do so, that Fogarty had been placed by him in charge of the house but two days previous.

This gentle Mary Ellen likewise knew, for she remembered later on that, when she left her charge to the tender mercies of McDermot, Dan was sleeping off a debauch in the attic. She too, however, said nothing.

She felt equal to bearing her bereavement, and had, in addition, a gleam of comfort in the thought that she could now extort unlimited hush money from her first employer. And this she did not fail to do faithfully.

But he, the prime author and mover in the dark affair, had now one great fear in addition to that which had of late so tortured him.

Coralie St. Orme might be able to fix this last crime also upon him; for, not many days had elapsed before he saw that young lady ride past his hotel.

His feelings were, at this time, anything but enviable. His first thought was, naturally, of flight, but there were difficulties in the way of this; and, were he to attempt it, such a step would at once stamp him as guilty.

Then, too, escape would be next to impossible.

No, he would remain and await, though in dire suspense it would be, the revelations which the next few days must bring.

He fretted and fumed, and was furious by turns, but his fury had to be expended on himself. This was what made it so especially hard to bear.

That he, so cunning, so clever, so bright, so audacious, so up to this time successful, should have been such an unmitigated fool!

Even should the worst that he apprehended not happen to him, that one thought was enraging; it was unendurable. But, such as it was, he had to "grin and bear it."

"Many a time," he soliloquized, "I have laughed in my sleeve at Mac and the rest of them; I have even put down Polinski as a dreamer instead of a conspirator, and here I am, in the very beginning of my career as I may say, in the worst fix imaginable. And it has all been brought about by my own confounded idiocy!

"That idle flirtation in Ireland, a year ago—by the way, I wonder what in the old Nick has become of Aileen?—which I might have had sense enough to keep out of, and even at the last might have wound up in a safer way for myself, seems fated to follow me. First Aileen, then her sister, and now this infernal complication—it is maddening!

"But I must brave it out until the worst is known, and in the meantime work the Polish question for all it is worth. This Russian notability is both able and willing to pay, and I may yet have something to dispose of.

"A few days, more or less, will tell what that confounded Cora knows and intends."

But days passed, and weeks, and Cora St. Orme made no sign. All that Lark heard was the announcement of her engagement to Ralph Rohan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

KEEPING A CLOSER WATCH.

Though Major Warder caused all possible inquiry to be made for the man who had, in so mysterious a manner, rescued his ward and restored her to her home and friends, even going the length of inserting an advertisement in the daily papers for that purpose, nothing more was to be heard of him. Cora St. Orme felt positive that her benefactor was other than he seemed.

For one thing, she noticed that his deafness which had been remarked by all who had seen him when at Eastlake, was certainly assumed. Then, too, he had, in the little conversation which had passed between them, betrayed the fact that his knowledge of the English language was more extended than he would have had the world believe.

But Antoine Mondelet, if that was his real name, had apparently withdrawn from the gaze of friends and enemies alike.

Polinski, the Nihilist, since his return to New York, had ensconced himself in quarters pretty far down town, in a hotel that was much affected by foreigners of the better class. He had few callers, and, as far as known, passed his time while indoors in reading.

On the morning following the rescue of Miss St. Orme, a stranger entered the Hotel de la Commune, and, after inspecting the register for some time, announced his desire to secure a room. The polite clerk showed him up one and then another flight of stairs, upon which the man paused by a door that was numbered "40."

"Is this occupied?" he inquired in French.

He was informed that it was—that and the adjoining one—but that the second from it, the one numbered "44," was at his service.

The applicant merely gave a glance at the interior, remarked that it would suit, and, descending to the office, registered as Antoine Mondelet. Later in the day his baggage arrived, and he took possession of Room 44.

Mondelet had begun by satisfying himself that Paul Polinski was really lodged there, and ascertained, in addition to this, the location of the old anarchist's apartments. His next object, as we have seen, was to find out if a room was to be had directly adjoining these, and this being the case, he engaged it without delay, and without exciting the least suspicion in the minds of the employes of the hotel, for the character of the Polish exile was unknown to them.

No sooner was the Frenchman ensconced in the quarters he had selected with such care, than he made a fresh discovery.

The room was better adapted to his purpose than, at a cursory glance, he had supposed.

He found, on investigation, that it had originally formed part of the one next it, now occupied by Polinski as a reception room, and that the partition between them was but a temporary one.

The half-inch planks were merely papered over, uniformly with the rest of the apartment, and ordinary sounds in the adjoining room could easily be heard. By remaining perfectly quiet while in his den—and this Mondelet had resolved to do—he knew that he could without much difficulty catch any conversation that might be going on so near him.

To make assurance doubly sure, however, the spy—for such he undoubtedly was—determined to see as well as hear what might be going on among the Nihilist and his friends.

A bureau stood against the slight dividing wall of which we have spoken. This Mondelet pushed to one side, and, with his pocket knife, made a slight aperture in the partition, but affording a peephole sufficient to give a view of much on the other side.

The piece of furniture he could easily and noiselessly slide back and forth.

This being arranged to his satisfaction, he began his work by watching closely the inmate of the room beyond.

Polinski was there, sure enough; out, for some time, it seemed that there was very little to be learned.

The furniture was plain and simple, merely the ordinary fittings that might be looked for, and the venerable revolutionist did not appear to have surrounded himself with any of the supposed appliances of his calling. Nothing, it was plain, was to be gained by such a casual inspection of his lair as could thus be given it.

Along with that, Paul Polinski was not addicted to the failing practiced by most great men who are given to solitude. Though he might be fond of conversing with sensible people, he did not talk to himself.

"There is nothing for it but patience, I see," whispered the Frenchman, and it was now noticeable that he did his thinking at least in English; "nothing but patience, but that I have long practiced."

Mondelet sat and watched the Nihilist at his leisure, and studied with no little interest the calm, yet severe and deeply lined face beyond the narrow wall of division.

"A patriot, a politician, a humanitarian, a revolutionist—I have seen them all in my limited experience with the world," he murmured, "but this man seems something apart from and above them all.

"I see wherein lies the difference. Politics is a trade with them; it is a duty and a passion, it is life itself to him."

Mondelet was not far wrong.

There was a pathos and a majesty about the venerable visionary that were indescribably touching. Madman though he might be—and his sorrows had been enough to have made him so—the pity of it was that he was doomed to fail in every effort that he made to imbue any of his would-be followers with the truly patriotic spirit that was at the foundation of it all.

For Paul Polinski ever counseled patience, and, wherever he went, he found that he had impatient spirits to deal with.

"I will not speak of mere moral questions," he was accustomed to say on such occasions, "for there are times when men must be a law unto themselves. What I ask of all is, that they view the prudential side of the case.

"We want the masses, the people, with us in this universal struggle for freedom, and the way to win them over to our cause is not by alarming them, by scattering explosives and assassins' knives here and there. We cannot expect people to give their confidence to those who cause them to live in terror, as in a land of volcanoes and earthquakes.

"Of course there will be fire and sword of necessity, but it is well to give heed to an old warning—'Woe unto that man by whom the offense cometh!'

"Many must fall before this fight of ours can be won, and we must remember also that there are many to whom the side of authority, tyrannical though it be, is the side of right and justice. There are phases in human nature which are not easy to understand, and this is one of them. Sacrifice will be claimed by those in power, and there will always be men ready to furnish them. We dread bloodshed, but it is useless to say so, for it is inevitable.

"All liberties have been gained only at the sacrifice of human life, and, even at this late day in the world's history, I can see no escape from that law of blood. But what I seek to teach is, that the stronger we can make ourselves, the fewer are the lives that will be lost.

"Let us seek to win the people wherever we can."

So the Pole preached, but few were the converts made by him.

Mondelet, while he studied his face from behind the partition, believed that he could read all that upon its well-written page.

"What a man," he thought, "to have to do with such creatures as he seeks to conciliate! Few can comprehend him. Fewer still care to do so.

"And the credulous old soul waits and dreams, and prays and labors, while the substratum of it all is mere midsummer madness! I could find it in my heart to seek to enlighten him, were it worth while to make the attempt.

"Yet, I may do him a greater service, unless I greatly mistake, than the questionable one of waking him from the dream which, it may be, is the one thing that makes life endurable to him."

It was a sad and dreamy face with which the one man contemplated the other.

Mondelet was comparatively youthful in appearance, slight of frame, and swarthy of complexion. As a rule his countenance wore an expression that was cynical, if not positively misanthropic; but now, while he watched the visage of one whose reasons for hating the world and distrusting his fellow man must have been so immeasurably greater than his own, his eye melted, and a look of almost feminine softness came into his face.

"One such man," he meditated, "is almost enough to redeem a race. Only to think what he might have been had he lived in the Middle Ages, or what an influence he would have wielded among the Crusaders!

"Truly he is one born out of due time—centuries too late, or, it may be—who knows?—too early."

Antoine Mondelet at length grew weary of his watch, and getting up from his somewhat cramped position at the crack in the partition, stepped noiselessly to the one window in his apartment. This looked out upon the street.

As he had credited himself but a few minutes before, he had his full share of the virtue of patience; but, already, it began to wane. He saw this, and struggled against it.

"What though I may have weeks to wait, the end, I feel a firm conviction, is to be attained, and it is well worth it all!"

As this encouraging thought occurred to him, he saw a familiar figure alight from a hansom at the main entrance. For the moment he was startled almost out of his presence of mind.

Another glance showed him this individual entering the hotel office.

The next moment Mondelet was at the post he had recently relinquished.

Soon a tap came to the door adjoining, and he could see that a card was handed in.

The bearer retired, and, a minute later, another appeal sounded at the same door. It was opened promptly, and the man he expected to see made his appearance.

It was Larkin Lawless.

CHAPTER XIX.

LARK'S NEXT OPPORTUNITY.

"I sent for you," began Polinski, when his visitor was fairly seated, "in regard to an important matter."

Lark Lawless bowed, but said nothing.

"I received, but yesterday," the old man continued, "an offer of a large quantity of arms—many thousand stand of them, I may say—on terms that are not likely to be in the market again. They supposed, those who have them in charge, that the time might be ripe for their use by my copatriots, but——" the Nihilist paused and sighed deeply.

"Among your men there is such a lull at the present time that the holders of this arsenal—for it is almost a complete one—have been deceived into the belief that no chance of sale for them, in that direction, is likely to occur for some time. They are stored not far from here, and can be shipped at any time and in any way that may be desired by the purchaser.

"I am inclined to think, from what they represent the arms to be, that the opportunity is one which is not liable to present itself in some time, if ever, again. I have a sample here," taking up a leather case and opening it.

Lark extended his hand, took the rifle from his friend, and viewed it for a few seconds approvingly.

"I am well acquainted with it," he said.

"And your verdict?"

"It is an admirable weapon."

"You think so," said the Pole; "that is well. I will show you the terms on which they are offered to us. They are very easy ones."

He opened his desk and began searching for the paper.

Lark began to look elated.

A new light was breaking upon him.

An hour before, nothing had seemed to matter any longer.

Everything had gone wrong and it was only too much to be feared that, in his case, worse was coming.

It was true that no further sign had been made by Miss St. Orme, either of what she knew or what she must suspect; no intimation had come from any quarter that had been connected with the explosion in the house of his late confrere. But for all that, Lawless felt as if the sword of Damocles was suspended over him.

Some day, and that not far distant, the crash would come. Such was his gloomy presentiment. And he had been, at one time, almost in the mood to welcome and even to hasten it.

But now, all was different.

Lark's desperation took another turn.

He felt fit to join, if it should be necessary, in the maddest enterprise which the old anarchist might conjure up in his day of dreaming. Here, however, was one which promised liberal returns without either toil or danger.

Only let the final expose in the matter of Miss St. Orme and of Anne Molyneux be withheld for a little time, if come it must, and he would be prepared, if not to face it, to make good his escape.

The chance that now seemed to offer itself was one which, at an earlier period in his career, he would have recoiled from with at least an affectation of virtue.

Though no less base and mercenary than were many of his fellows, the difference had been that they were accustomed to make their patriotism pay in filthy lucre, while he sought his reward in the reputation he would fain wear before the world. The principle, or rather the want of principle, was the same; and, when it came to the pinch, the high-toned Larkin Lawless sank in an instant to the depth of the basest.

He foresaw that he could have a hand, if nothing more, in the proposed negotiations. It was very possible, indeed, if he played his cards adroitly, that the entire management might be entrusted to him.

As far as the work of raising the money went, no one knew better than himself that there were fools enough who were ready to give, even of their penury, if made to believe it was to be used in striking a blow at British supremacy in Ireland. If he knew himself and the men with whom he was associated, he could without much difficulty, raise the sum required, and even a trifle more.

In regard to the arms, even if they should be purchased, what had happened more than once before would happen again. They would remain in the keeping of some trusty and well-beloved citizen of that prospective republic until they were half forgotten, and then they would be disposed of—to pay costs of storage.

Indeed, it was not at all unlikely, he bethought him with a grin, that these identical rifles had already changed hands once or twice in that very way.

Lark was low in his own estimation now—he had never been other than that, as we know—but, even now, he had the grace to feel a shadow of shame at the depth of his degradation. But he consoled himself with the thought, so common in such circumstances, that, if he failed to take advantage of the opportunity, some one else assuredly would be less scrupulous.

"The price, you said?" he asked, observing that Polinski had found the document for which he had been looking.

"One hundred thousand dollars," was the reply. "It is little more than a dollar each, for there are nearly that many rifles."

"Cheap, dog cheap! That is, if they are all like the sample you have shown me."

"They guarantee that."

"All right. But, as to having them shipped—there will be no sense in doing that until they are actually wanted on the other side. There, as here, we must hold to your watchword—patience."

"A valuable suggestion, sensible and practical," said Polinski, rubbing his hands.

It was easy to see that the old visionary was pleased.

"There is only one difficulty in the way," suggested Lawless, feeling assured that he had the confidence of the Nihilist thus far, and bent on feeling his way; "we want a trustworthy man to undertake the work of raising this money at once. I know that our men will jump at the chance of securing the arms."

"And you fear that the right man may be lacking, now that the time for such a man has come?"

"I confess that I cannot see him."

"Look in the mirror."

Lark started violently, as though he expected to behold therein some reflection other than his own.

It was well assumed.

Polinski was pleased, and he showed it.

"As ever, modest and self-distrustful," he said, continuing to rub his thin hands.

It was an aside, but his companion heard it.

"Yes," he went on, "such a man must be found and put to work forthwith. The collection and expenditure of so large a sum—a hundred thousand, you say—is a matter not to be entrusted to anybody and everybody. We have had too much of that in the past. It is an open secret that our funds have been scandalously misappropriated. That sort of thing must not happen again."

"We shall manage this affair ourselves," answered the Pole.

"We?"

"Decidedly. You and I."

"But how?"

"I mean, with you as chief. There will be no trouble about putting it entirely in your hands. You are trusted entirely—of that I am convinced."

Lark knew that as well as any one, but it suited his present purpose to look as if completely overwhelmed.

He stood staring at Polinski.

"Are you free to move in the matter?" questioned the old man.

"Yes," he answered, as if reluctantly.

The anarchist held out his hand, which Lark took.

"It is agreed, then? I began to fear you were hesitating."

"I hesitated, indeed," was the reply of Lawless, "but it was not that I did not believe the time had come to be making ready. My hesitancy was caused by the unexpected nature of the call you made upon me personally."

"That is well. My chief anxiety is removed."

"Let us have a free and full understanding," said Lark, speaking firmly. "I am to undertake the work of having this money subscribed and paid into my hands, as special treasure—always, of course, if I should be elected to that office——"

"That may be taken for granted," interrupted Polinski.

"Very well. These arms, as I have already suggested, must on no account be shipped to the other side until the crisis is actually at hand. You understand that?"

"My own thought, precisely! The blow, when it is struck, must be bold, swift, and unexpected."

"Quite so. There must be no petty sparring with the enemy, to put him on his guard."

The two men had been standing during the latter part of this conversation, and in full sight of the stranger in the room adjoining, upon whom not one word that had been said was lost.

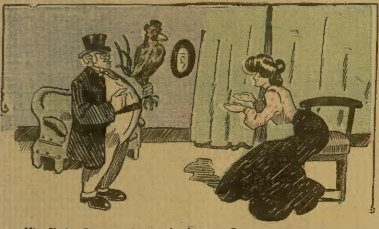
They now sat down by the little table in the center of the apartment, and Polinski, having taken some manuscripts from the drawer, and pushed them toward Lawless, caught up a pen and began hastily scratching off some letters, commending this new move, and Lark Lawless with it, to such of the leaders as agreed with him in his pet theory for righting the wrongs of the ages.

Lark scanned the papers before him for some time, but it was evident to the watcher that his thoughts were elsewhere.

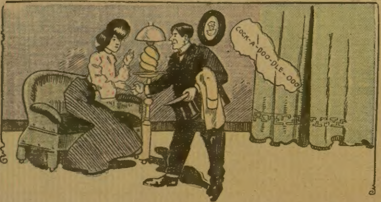
At length, as if in a fit of absent-mindedness, he reached out for a pen, and began scrawling on a blank sheet in a way that,

(Continued on page fourteen.)

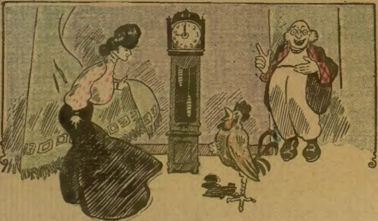
MEAN WORK.



Miss Posie—Oh, papa, how nice! A new pet?
Father—Yes, my child; my new educated rooster, Kuropatkin.



Mr. Mushly, 9 p. m.—Why, I had no idea it was so late, or, rather, so early! Ah how swiftly the time has passed!



Miss Posie—Only 9 o'clock? Pa, you're just too mean!
Father—Yes, but say, ain't Kuropatkin a bird?

How to collect a library: Never buy to lend, but borrow to keep.

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Hard to Touch.

"Wealth," said the putative young plutocrat, "is not worth striving for."

"How do you know?" fiercely demanded the proletariat.

"You don't have to strive for yours."

"That only shows, gentlemen," he rejoined, sadly, "that you don't know how reluctantly the governor loosens up."

A Long Step Forward.

Mr. Binks—In spite of all Miss Finemind's talk about advanced woman and higner education, she is just as fond of a cat as any other old maid.

Mrs. Binks—Yes, but she speaks of it as "a domesticated carnivorous quadruped of the family Felidae and genus F. domestica."

The Husbands Definition.

"What is a counter-irritant?" asked Mrs. Smithers.

"A counter-irritant," replied Smithers, "is a woman who makes the clerk pull down everything from the shelves for two hours, and then buys only four cents' worth of hairpins."

A Brilliant Idea.

Clerk—Mr. Muldoon, we have an order for hard-wood kindlings, but the hard wood is all gone.

Mr. Muldoon (dealer)—Sind 'em saft wood. "They will notice the difference, because soft wood burns too fast."

"Bejabers, thot's so. Wet it."

One Hope Left.

Manager—I hate to say it, but the public seems to have lost interest in you.

Old Actor—'Tis true; too true. But I can easily disguise myself, and if you will kindly announce me as an ex-burglar, green-goods man, or pugilist, we'll take the town.

A Sensible Fad.

Mrs. Mulhooly—An' phwat is your daughter doin' now, Mrs. Mulcahey?

Mrs. Mulcahey—Oh, she's takin' up the housekeepin' fad, an' is livin' out at sarvice.

LEARNING THINGS

We Are All in the Apprentice Class.

When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady of Springfield, Ill., says: "After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of. I could get no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve medicines I tried because I didn't know that the coffee was daily putting me back more than the doctors could put me ahead.

"Finally at the request of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum and against my convictions I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble.

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.

Coffee is a destroyer—Postum is a rebuilder. That's the reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Confession.

"Has there ever been a trace of insanity in your family?" asked the attorney for the prosecution.

The woman in the witness box went pale and bowed her head.

"Well," she answered meekly, 'if you must know, my eldest daughter jilted the iceman and eloped with a poet last week."

A Mistake in the Number.

A clergyman, having performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, undertook to write out the usual certificate, but, being in doubt as to the day of the month, he asked: "This is the ninth, is it not?"

"Why, parson," said the blushing bride, "you do all my marrying, and you ought to remember that this is only the fourth."

A Sickening Mixture.

Professor Vogner—Vat haf you dere?

Little Daughter—A box of candy and a book of opera airs.

"Vat operas?"

"Italian operas."

"Vat! You make yourself sick mit so much sweet stuff. Put the book avay.

Enlarged.

It was at the fashionable wedding.

"Steady, now," whispered the best man. "Don't lose your head.'

"I wish I could lose it," groaned the groom, who had attended the farewell bachelor supper the night before. "It feels like a bushel."

A Hummer.

Barclay—I don't see why you should be cynical on the subject of marriage. Your wife is of such a happy disposition, always singing as she goes about her housework.

Dibdin—Yes, that's where the trouble comes in—that singing of hers.

Where Money Talks.

Binkers—Look at that shabby millionaire. You can't judge a man by his dress.

Winkers—No, but you can judge him by his wife's.

Cash vs. Credit.

Judge—What is the prisoner charged with?

Policeman—He's full of whisky, your honor, but whether he's charged with the stuff or whether he paid cash, I can't say.

Cause and Effect.

"Now, that is what I like to see," observed the rural merchant to the proprietor of the great department store. "All your clerks are full of vim and energy."

"Yes," replied the proprietor, with a sarcastic smile. "We close at noon today and they are getting ready to go out."

New Brand.

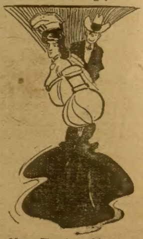
The lady shopper approached the floorwalker in the great department store.

"I am loking for some Japanese calico," she said.

"Japanese calico!" he echoed in surprise.

"Yes; something that will not run," she explained.

Fresh Package.



Sister Mary—There's nothing new under the sun.

Brother Harry—Oh, yes, there is; your complexion looks fine today.

An Experienced Office Holder.

Head of Bureau—I suppose you know something of the duties of the office?

Applicant—Oh, yes. They are to come late, go home early, and do as little as possible while wou are here.

Head of Bureau—Quite satisfactory; you must have held public office before.

Modern Way.

Mayme—Stella is advertising the fact that she wants to get married.

Edyth—Is it possible!

Mayme—Yes; she's attending a private cooking school.

Not Guilty.

"You—aw—don't take me foh one of those —aw—beastly cwanks, I hope," said young Softleigh.

"No, indeed," replied Miss Cutting. "A crank, I believe, is a man with one idea."

Point of View.

Meeker—This paper says that a man should tell his wife daily that he loves her.

Enpeck—Huh! I don't think the papers ought to encourage lying.

Rough on Reggy.

Ida—Reggy De Fake says he moves in high society.

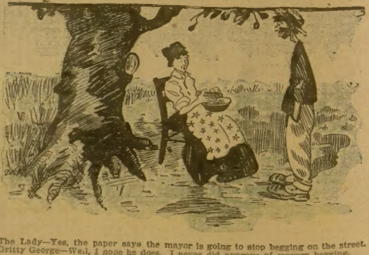
May—Moves? Then he must drive a furniture van.

Literary Tip.

Meandering Mike—Say, Lew, I've got a notion to write a poem.

Lazy Lew—Don't youse do it. De productions uv litter'y fellers is call'd "works."

VERY REPREHENSIBLE



The Lady—Yes, the paper says the mayor is going to stop begging on the street.
Gritty George—Well, I hope he does. I never did approve of mayors begging.

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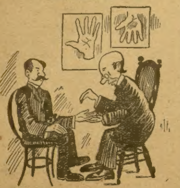
Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the fact and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results.

Send ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Not Exactly.



Palmist—This very remarkable line here denotes that you will make a great fortune by your caution and——

Patron—No, it doesn't. That line's where I took hold of a live wire.

Sure Sign.

He—What reason have you for thinking the girl who just passed hates you?

She—The best in the world. She didn't turn to see what I had on.

No Rain Checks Issued.

White—Green quit playing poker because his wife cried every time he lost.

Brown—Game called on account of rain, as it were, eh?

A Wife's "at Home."

Binks—Wonder where I can find Winks?

Jinks—Let's see. This is Thursday, and Thursday is his wife's day for being "at home." Guess you'll find him at the club.

The Tie That Binds.

Naggsby—Do you know whether the Siamese twins were from the humbler class of their country?"

Waggsby—I had always had the idea that they were pretty well connected.

A Sticker.

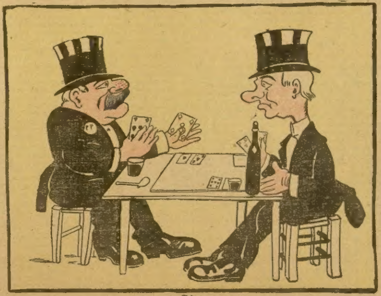
"Consider the porous plaster, my son," remarked the philosopher, "and don't get discouraged. Everybody turns his back on it, yet it hangs on and eventually achieves success by close application."

Profit With the Brush.

"Do you think it possible for a man who is clever with the brush to make a living these days?" asked the discouraged artist.

"Yes," responded the cruel cynic, "if he is a bootblack."

MISDIRECTED EFFORT.



"I'll teach you how to play poker one of these days."
"But the trouble is that after I have learned I won't have any money to play with."

Latter-Day Romance.

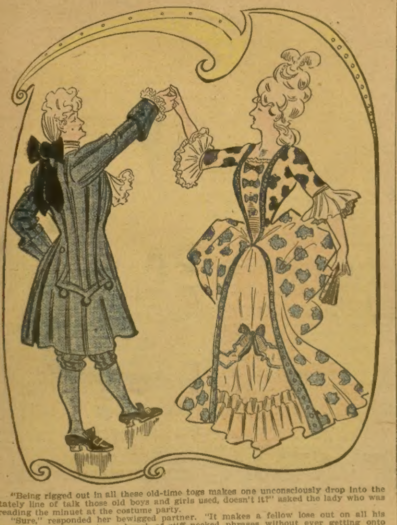
He—I have no wealth. Ours will have to be a case of love in a flat.

She—That will be delightful! I so love romance. You can be my own true hero, and protect me from the janitor.

Slight Interruption.

He kissed her once, he kissed her twice,
He was the happiest of all men;
No doubt he would have kissed her thrice—
But her papa came in just then.

COURTLY CONVERSATION.



"Being rigged out in all these old-time togs makes one unconsciously drop into the stately line of talk those old boys and girls used, doesn't it?" asked the lady who was treading the minuet at the costume party.

"Sure," responded her bewigged partner. "It makes a fellow lose out on all his everyday talk and spring a bunch of stiff-necked phrases without ever getting onto himself."

Masculine View.

"Leap year," remarked the bachelor boarder, "must be a great comfort to every woman."

"Why do you think so?" queried one who still has hopes.

"Because," explained the b. b., "they live a whole extra day without adding to the number of their years on earth."

Clear Conscience.

Diggs—Old Skinner is said to be worth $1,000,000.

Biggs—Made it out of whisky, eh?

Diggs—No, not a dollar of it.

Biggs—But he's a liquor dealer.

Diggs—Yes; but he made his money out of the water he put into the whisky.

Why He Is Bold.

"Young man," said Rev. Goodman, "some day you'll bring your father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave."

"No danger," replied young Rakely, "he hasn't any; worrying about me has made him bald."

Evidently Mistaken.

Father—Nowadays it costs more to mend shoes than to buy new ones.

Daughter—You must be mistaken.

"Why do you think so?"

"If it did, patched shoes would be fashionable."

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A Bird That Wears Snowshoes.

"Who's read about the bird that wears snowshoes?" asked Uncle Dick, one stormy Saturday morning, as Tommy and Elizabeth were gazing disconsolately out of the window at the rain coming down in torrents.

"Snowshoes, Uncle Dick!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Why should a bird need snowshoes when it has wings?"

"Well," said Uncle Dick, "you need not look so incredulous. If you stop for a minute making holes in my window pane with your noses I'll show you his picture."

The children, with brightening faces, hurried oved to the bookcase, where Uncle Dick stood. They had been feeling woefully disappointed, for mother had promised to take them on a long-deferred visit to the Aquarium in New York, and the weather clerk had most inconsiderately upset all their plans.

"There he is," said Uncle Dick, placing an open book, with a full-page illustration, before them.

"Why, he looks like a great big hen with a turkey tail!" said Elizabeth.

"That's just what he is," answered Uncle Dick. "He belongs to the same family of scratching birds as our hens and roosters, only he's a wild relative."

"'Ruffled grouse,'" read Ellabeth, looking again at the picture. "Does he live around here?"

"Yes, he roams all through the wilder part of the country east of the Mississippi from southern Canada to northern Georgia. In the North he is called a partridge, in the South a pheasant."

"But I don't see his snowshoes," commented Tommy.

"That's because the picture was taken in warm weather," replied Uncle Dick. "When winter comes and the snow is deep, horny tufts grow out from his toes so that he can easily walk on the snow without sinking in."

"He doesn't go South, then, like the other birds?"

"No, he's not afraid of cold. Sometimes he even buries himself in a snowdrift to keep warm, and occasionally a thaw followed by a sudden cold spell will freeze him in so tightly that he can't get out, but is buried alive."

"Why is he standing on that log?" asked Elizabeth.

"That's his drumming log. Every spring he repairs to this favorite place, spreads his tail, preens his feathers and then beats his wings so rapidly that they make a loud drumming noise. This is his love song and a demure Miss Ruffed Grouse is usuany lingering near enjoying this strenuous serenade. Each year he comes back to the same trysting place."

"Aren't his wings very short?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes, and for a purpose. He does not attempt very long flights, but when startled by an enemy, a fox or a dog, or a man with a gun, he can rise and get in motion very quickly with those short wings. Usually he goes up with such a whirr that he startles his enemies and they fail to harm him. Then he circles quickly around one tree trunk after another, dodging in and out with many marvelous short turns, until he reaches the tree top and can safely essay a longer flight. If his wings were larger it would be so much the harder for him to get in motion quickly."

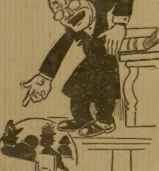
"Does he build much of a nest?"

"No; he doesn't build any. Mrs. Ruffed Grouse gathers a few dry leaves in a convenient hollow and lays in it ten to fifteen eggs. When these hatch the little chicks, like those of our own hens, are covered with down and can run about at once. They are all buff and brown, and so exactly match their surroundings that unless in motion they cannot be distinguished. When an enemy approaches the mother usually gives a loud squawk, which is a signal for the little ones to run to cover under dried leaves, sticks or stones. Meantime, Mother Ruffed Grouse resorts to all sorts of subterfuges to draw the attention of the enemy away from the chicks to herself. She appears first here, then there, and drags one wing along the ground to pretend that she is wounded. By the time the hunter has detected the trick her babies are all safe out of harm's way."

"Is this the bird that makes quail on toast?" asked Elizabeth.

"No," laughed Uncle Dick; "that's the bob white, or quail, but he's own cousin to the ruffed grouse and much like him in habits."

The Wise Old Deacon Wise.



I never see ther parson's eyes,
 I never see his glance divine;
He allus shuts 'em when he prays,
 An' when he preaches I shut mine.

LOVE'S GUILTY DREAM

Or

THE IDOL OF THE REGIMENT.

BY ADRIENNE ROUCOLLE.

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Begun in No. 29, July 16. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXIV.

YES OR NO.

Lady Hilton had not spoken since telling Marie that the Marquis du Terrail was still unmarried. She had listened without outward emotion to the Marquise's description of her sufferings, and it was only when she ceased speaking that Judith's dark eyes left her livid face and looked at the dawning day without.

"My wedding day!" she thought, as her heart compressed with nameless anguish. How different was the sad reality to the dreams of bliss her love had created in her brain!

She had worshiped an idol, and that idol was less than a man—he was a criminal and a wretch. She scorned him, yet her love was not quite dead. It was mortally wounded; it writhed in agony, but it breathed still.

A sudden sense of discouragement came to her. She had never been happy in the true sense of the word, and just as her famished lips were to refresh themselves in the fountain of bliss, the mirage disappeared and she was plunged into the torpid waters of misery and despair. And while her very soul was wrung with agony, without waking nature smiled her usual greeting today.

The sun rose and the oppressed breathing from the bed ceased. Judith turned. The mask of death had settled on the Marquise du Terrail's face. Irene, kneeling by her side, was weeping softly, while Armand and Jenny stood gloomily by; Major Leblanc's matter-of-fact voice broke the silence, saying:

"Madame du Terrail is dead."

Irene rose and piously closed the glazing eyes, then, drying her tears, said:

"We have no time to moan. The victim is dead and the guilty is still at liberty. The time has come for us to warn the police."

Those words caused Judith to shudder, yet she did not speak, but let Irene order Armand and the Major to return to Chalons to warn the legal authorities. It was only after their departure that she said to Irene:

"Mademoiselle D'Oban, I must speak to you for a few minutes."

Irene followed her into the next room and the moment they were alone the mask of indifference dropped from the haughty face, and during one wild moment of abandon Judith let Irene see the incurable wounds her brave heart had received during that night of agony. This outburst lasted but a few moments, and presently Judith had regained her icy calm and in resigned accents said:

"Those tears have relieved me, only pardon my making you the witness of my misery. No, Irene, you must not weep, for see! I have regained my calm and with dry eyes and a resigned soul I can look into the blank desert of my life."

"Oh, how I pity you! What would I not give if I could save you this pain!" cried Irene, with streaming eyes; "and to think that in a certain measure I am the cause of your suffering!"

"No," firmly interrupted Lady Hilton; "what you did was for the best; and instead of blaming the hand that has torn my heart, I must bless it for doing so before it was too late. You have saved me the shame of becoming his wife; you have saved him from becoming a murderer for a second time, and for all this let me thank you."

"Thank me? How can you after I have made you suffer so much?"

"The surgeon wounds to cure, he tortures the flesh that he may save the life. You have broken my heart. You have broken my heart, but you have saved my honor, and of the two honor is the most precious to me."

"You are a noble woman!" broke from Irene with admiration, for her upright nature could understand Judith's sentiments.

For a while neither spoke, then Lady Hilton, passing her hand over her brow as though to chase from her brain its weight of throbbing thoughts, said:

"Irene—pardon my calling you thus—but this night passed together has had the value of years of life; besides, I now stand alone in the world and at this moment I need some one on whom to lean."

"You can count on my friendship and affection," simply answered Irene, but these words in her mouth meant much.

"Thank you," answered Lady Hilton. "You know what love means, for they tell me that you are to be married within a month. You can therefore understand my feelings and will not be surprised when I tell you that in spite of his crimes and his cowardly conduct my love for the Marquis du Terrail is not quite dead. It is dying, however, but in its death throes it finds enough strength to pity the one it can no longer love."

Irene moved backward, and a sudden fear leaped into her eyes. Judith read it and hastened to explain the meaning of her words.

"No," she said sadly, "I do not want him to escape, for his life practically ended the moment his crime was discovered. I want him to be punished, but not by the law. He bears a noble name, he is the last descendant of a family of heroes and warriors, so let me save him the shame of dying a death of shame; let me give him the means to save the honor of that old name by ending the life of him who brought upon it its first disgrace. I will let the police have him, but it must be his corpse instead of the living man."

Her voice became more and more pleading as she saw the frown gathering on Irene's brow; still she continued:

"Oh, you must not refuse my request, you must give to my heart this last consolation; you must save me the shame of witnessing his disgrace, of seeing him become a prisoner—a felon. He must be given a last chance to escape the full consequence of his crime. I do not ask you for this in his name, but in mine. He is guilty and should suffer, but I have done nothing, and, like yonder corpse, I am a victim, and in that name I implore your pity."

"But what do you intend to do?" questioned Irene, moved in spite of herself.

Judith shivered and as a strange look passed over her eyes she answered:

"My plan is simple. I will go to him, tell him that his crime has been discovered, and show him that his only means of escape is death."

Irene sadly shook her head as she said: "Poor Judith! Your love has still enough life left to blind you to the true character of that man. He can kill, he can betray, but he has not the courage to face death. There is a certain class of criminals whose bravery lessens in a certain measure the extent of their crimes, but the Marquis du Terrail does not belong to this class. He loves life more than he does honor, and he will face disgrace before he will consent to take any desperate means to evade it. Believe me, Judith, the attempt you wish to make will only add a new pain to your sufferings, since you will be made to feel still more to what an inferior and cowardly being you have given your love."

Lady Hilton gave a gesture of fierce despair and said suddenly:

"Be it so, it will be for the best, for it will kill outright the love that as yet is only wounded. Yes, yes, let me make this attempt, Irene; let me see how low, how cowardly, he is, so that my whole being in revolting against so depraved a man may silence the last quiver of that passion which once was my life. Irene, we belong to different creeds, but the God we worship is the same, so on my hope of one day meriting the recompense promised to the just I swear to you that I will give him no other means of escape than death. He shall die, or he will become a prisoner."

Still Irene hesitated. She pitied Judith, but du Terrail's crime was so great that she felt she would be dealing too mildly with him to give him the chance of escaping the public disgrace of the criminal court. Besides, in her villa near Chalons was a man who, should the Marquis die, would be made to suffer, while the real guilty one would be granted refuge of death. With her upright sense of justice she felt that the punishment would not be equally divided. To grant Judith's prayer she had to make up her mind to allow Francois Danton to escape, and that was something the remembrance of Marie's suffering made her unwilling to do. She stood there hesitating what to do while the conflicting emotions of her heart painted themselves upon her face, showing to the waiting woman the progress of the combat which stirred the girl's soul.

Lady Hilton felt her courage fail her, for she knew that Irene's mind once made up, nothing could make her alter her decision, so, putting in her last appeal all her remaining strength, she cried as she seized Irene's arm:

"You hesitate, Irene, and the minutes are flying fast; your messenger will return and the police will do their work and inflict upon my innocent head an unmerited disgrace. I am a proud woman, Irene, and to no mortal creature have I knelt before, yet today on my knees I implore you to listen to my prayer."

She was going to kneel, but Irene stopped her, saying:

"No, no, not that, Judith; I give in—you have suffered enough—I will not add a new pain to your heart. Only I have your oath that you will not let him escape except by death."

"I swear it!"

And before Irene had time to utter another word she felt herself clasped in Lady Hilton's arms, and two fevered lips pressed themselves on her brow; then Judith made swiftly for the door, unlocked it, but just as she stepped out she turned once more toward Irene and said mournfully:

"Thank you," then disappeared.

CHAPTER XXV.

After leaving Irene, Lady Hilton walked rapidly to the stairway and descended to the story below from where she could reach the Marquis du Terrail's apartments, in the eastern wing. Had any of the servants seen her at this moment they would have been struck with terror, for they would have taken her for the celebrated ghost of the castle, thinking it had left the haunted chamber and now roamed at large.

Indeed, she made a tragic picture in her black robes. Something in the fixed rigidity of her features spoke of a resolution which nothing could shake. At last she paused before du Terrail's door, and without hesitation knocked heavily at the panel. Pierre's voice called from within:

"Who's there and what do you want?"

"It is I, Judith, and I must see you at once," replied Lady Hilton, in tones from which the glad ring of happiness had vanished. The Marquis leaped from the bed, and as he dressed rapidly he muttered with growing apprehension:

"Judith here, at this hour and today! What can it mean?" But aloud he said: "I will open the door in an instant."

A few moments later Lady Hilton was admitted, and when du Terrail had closed the door behind her she turned and looked at him. How handsome and manly he seemed, yet how false and deceiving was his beauty! How well it concealed the depraved and lying soul. Those red lips, visible beneath the mustache, opened but to utter lies; that elevated brow concealed evil thoughts, those half-closed lids hid the flash of the eye which concealed his thoughts. She looked at his right hand; it was soft and white as a woman's, yet not quite two years before it had been crimson with blood. That thought made her shudder, and Pierre, who had been waiting for her to speak, questioned anxiously:

"Judith, how come you here at this time, bareheaded, and with that mournful expression on your face which should be wreathed with smiles?"

She made a vague gesture of infinite despair, and in sad yet resigned tones said:

"The smile will never return to my lips, for the portals of happiness closed before my eager feet were allowed to enter, yet after I had been made to see the rich promises within."

Dismayed and frightened by her words, which to his guilty heart had a tragic meaning, he seized her by the arm almost roughly, and said:

"Explain yourself; what do you mean?"

"I mean that your crime has been discovered, that the police are on your track and that your only means of escape is by death."

With an oath he started backward, his face became as colorless as her own, while his dilated eyes cast a frightened look toward the door. She read his intention and quick as thought she turned the key in the lock, then walking to the French window which opened on the terrace without, she opened it and threw the key into the court below. Then she turned and faced him, saying:

"That key would have aided you to escape. I cast it away because the man I have loved must not become a felon."

"What have you done?" he hissed fiercely; "why cut me off from escape when, as you claim, I am accused of a crime? Though I do not know of what crime you speak, the frequent errors of justice make me desirous of escaping, though I am innocent."

"Hush, not another word!" she interrupted sternly; "do not add a lie to the criminal past, for I am certain that you killed Lucien de Lorgnac and kept your wife captive ever since. I am certain that this is true since I have it from the Marquise du Terrail's very lips."

"Marie not dead? Oh, the wretch!" he growled between his set teeth.

"Yes, she is dead, for this morning I stood by her bedside as she breathed her last."

And before he had time to frame the question which rose to his lips, she related all she knew of how his crime was discovered, of her ride with Irene, of Marie's dying revelation and of the oath she had taken that she would let him escape only by death. He saw that she knew too much for him to attempt to deny the past, so with a reckless laugh he questioned:

"Did you really hope that I would consent to die when there is still one means of escape?"

"I was sure that you would," was her calm reply.

"Then, Judith, you do not know with whom you have to deal. Let me undeceive you. If you have taken me for a hero you were mistaken, for I am but a mortal man and as such do not care to die."

"You are not a man if you have not the courage to face the consequence of your acts, if you prefer disgrace to death!" she interrupted.

"As you please," he sneered, no longer seeking to conceal his real nature. "I have no time to discuss the point with you. Under whatever name you may wish to class my sentiments, they are the only feelings that come to my heart. I have long feared that my crime would find me out, so I was prepared for any emergency.

"There are other passages besides the one which leads to the western wing, and from this very room I have a means of escape without being forced to pass by the front door. Once without the castle I have nothing else to fear."

Judith let him speak without seeking to interrupt, only a new light sprang into her eyes and an expression of scorn replaced the haggard despair of her features. His cowardice had killed the last spark of love that still lingered in the ruins of her heart. He continued:

"I am going to escape, but you shall come with me. Willingly you have locked yourself alone with me in this room; you are now within my power, and whether you wish it or not, you shall follow me."

Still she did not speak, and her silence seemed to give him hope that he would not be compelled to use force.

"You will come with me, Judith, and in another land, under an assumed name, we may yet live to be happy, for it was for your sake that I became a murderer."

"For my sake?" she repeated in surprise.

"Yes, for your sake. Your beauty had

aroused my passion and your cold reserve showed me that I could have you but by marriage. I was married and though my wife hated me she was either too virtuous or too weak to give me the right to chase her from my home and obtain a divorce. Her consenting to aid Marguerite de La Motte in her unfortunate love for Lucien de Lorgnac put me on the right track, and she has already told you how I carried out my plan. The letter I let fall that night when I acted the part of an outraged husband I had forged, knowing well that any irregularity of the writing would be attributed to her emotion at penning such words. Now that you know into what criminal depths my love for you has led me you will easily understand that I will not let you escape, for my love's guilty dream must be realized and my crime must, in gaining [illegible] its [illegible] and forgetfulness [illegible] bliss of possessing you."

"Marquis du Terrail, you [illegible] the sacred name of love by calling your passion your brutish desires, by that holy name; for that reason I refuse to follow you."

"You forget that I am stronger than you, Judith, and that, being at my mercy, I can use force."

"Then do your worst; I do refuse to share the life of an outlaw, for your cowardly acts, your fear of death, have killed the love I once felt for you."

[illegible] vanced toward her. His lips contracted into a grin and displayed the white teeth; the eyes, glittering with passion, [illegible] upon her like a hawk's upon its prey. She backed before him and stepped on the terrace without. The balustrade had been removed the week before because it was falling to ruins, and the coming marriage had not given Pierre the leisure to have it replaced.

The Marquis followed Judith, determined to drag her back into the room. He extended his hands to seize her but she, bracing herself against the wall, repulsed him with such violence that he lost his footing and rolled off the sloping terrace; but in falling he had time to catch the edge of the cornice and there he was suspended in space. A look of wild terror swept over his face and in despairing tones he implored Judith to come to his rescue.

Livid and breathless she looked at his terrified face. She did not move, but said:

"Pierre, you have one more chance to prove to me that you are not as deep a coward as you seemed. Let go and in death give me the right to pity the one I can no longer love."

"No, no!" he shrieked. "I do not want to die; I prefer disgrace—imprisonment, to death. Judith, in the name of the love I had for you, save me, save me!"

But she did not move. In self-defense she had pushed him to death; she did not want to rescue him now that chance had decided his fate. The Judith of old had killed the enemy of her people; the modern Judith, in a moral sense, would kill the enemy of her happiness. He had stolen into her life like those enemies of the children of Israel; he had darkened her life forever. Why should she show mercy?

Vainly he pleaded, vainly he tried to regain his footing on the terrace. All his efforts only served to lessen his strength and hasten his end. She watched his struggles, but no movement of pity came to her. Let him die, that in a certain measure his death might excuse, in the eyes of the world, the love she had given him.

Slowly his strength failed him, the veins of his arms and hands became swollen and black, his breath came in uneven gasps between his colorless lips, his face, in the agony of fear, lost all human trace; then, with a last look of entreaty and powerless rage, he loosened his grasp.

Judith put her hands to her ears that she might not hear the sound of his fall; then, with a face as livid as a corpse, she returned to the apartment.

When the Marquis du Terrail's corpse was found a few minutes later it was discovered that the head, by striking the marble balustrade of the stairs, had been severed from the body. Thus had the modern Judith repeated in a modern way the story of old.

Irene, seeing that Judith did not return, began to fear that a new tragedy had been added to du Terrail's list of crimes, so with a heart compressed by fear she hurried to Pierre's room. The door was locked from within. Her fears increased to such a point that she summoned the servants to have them force the door open. When she entered she found Lady Hilton seated on a divan. Her hands were clasped together in a convulsive hold, while her eyes were still filled with the horror of the scene she had just witnessed, and were fixed on the carpet in a wild stare.

"Judith," cried Irene, terrified by her attitude, "speak! Tell me what has happened!"

Judith shivered, then like one moved by another will beside her own, she rose to her feet and without a change on her marble face, said:

"Nothing has happened. I have kept my oath. Monsieur du Terrail is dead."

CHAPTER XXVI.

IRENE'S FIRST SERMON.

While they waited for Armand to return with the police of Chalons, Judith bade Irene farewell, for she decided that as she had given her testimony she would leave the castle. Judith let Irene believe that du Terrail had died of his own free will. Her pride needed this last balm. The world would speak of her as having been fortunate in escaping the clutch of an unprincipled man, but they would add that in spite of his faults he had had the courage to save himself from disgrace. Only she and God would know that he had remained a coward to the end.

She refused to see his mutilated form, for in a certain measure she felt that she had been his murderer. Instead she called Irene aside and without a change of expression said:

"Irene, let me bid you farewell before the legal authorities arrive, for I may never see you again alone. No," reading Irene's thought, "I will not kill myself, nor hasten in any way the close of a life that is ruined. On the contrary, I wish to live, not to shine [illegible] the social world for that desire [illegible]ed forever from me—but rather to [illegible] the unhappy, to minister to the [illegible], financial aid to the poor. Happiness such as the world knows, will never return to my existence, but I can find [illegible] and calm by aiding those who [illegible] less fortunate than I, or, like me, stricken in their fondest hopes. You have been kind to me, Irene, and your pity [illegible] tion have sustained my soul in its bitter [illegible]al; so before disappearing from your life I want to thank you for all you did for me."

"But why separate yourself so completely from your former existence? Why [illegible] a few friends who, loving you, [illegible] time aid you to forget the past?"

[illegible] sadly shook her head as she [illegible]

"[illegible] past can never be forgotten [illegible] been burned too deep [illegible] sensitive flesh of my heart. [illegible] you now stand on the threshold of [illegible] of love and happiness are opening before your eager feeet, let not the shadow of my ruined hopes darken in any [illegible] splendor of your dawning bliss. Your sympathy is great, and through it you would [illegible] some of my woes. No, let me go out among the unhappy and in listening to the [illegible] of their misery learn to reconcile [illegible] to my fate."

"[illegible] you will not consent to let me know where you live; you will not even write to tell me of your new life and new duties," pleaded Irene.

"No, my plan is for the best, dear, both for you and for me. To see you or to write to you would bring back a past I [illegible] to forget. So as long as you are happy let me shun you; as long as you smile and laugh let me keep away from you, but should God will that one day misery should strike your tender heart, that day will find me by your side, mingling my tears with yours, offering you the sympathy of her you have just saved from a torture worse than death."

"How will you know if you cease to communicate with me?" objected Irene, moved by the resigned accents of the weary voice.

"From my retreat I will keep watch over those my heart still cherishes, although I will be unseen by you I will follow the events of your life, praying ever that your tender heart be saved the agony mine has been made to endure. This is to be our last private interview, so kiss me once more, then let us return to the drawing-room, where the Marquis du Terrail's guests are assembled."

With a sob Irene threw herself into Judith's extended arms and for a while felt herself strained to her bosom; then calmly [illegible] saying:

"Come, let us rejoin the others."

And Irene, following her into the next room, thought:

"I have just witnessed another death, but this time it was a moral one which, in a certain measure, is crueler than the real death, since here suffering continues to exist though the soul be dead. Poor Judith!"

Leaving Lady Hilton in the drawing-room, she mounted again to the haunted tower. Passing by a mirror in the hall she caught sight of her face, so grave and sad that she did not recognize it, and she murmured:

"What has become of merry Irene, so laughing and mischievous and so happy? Is she gone never to return, I wonder? Was it necessary in order to steady my madcap head that I be made to witness the horrors, the crimes and the agonies which make up the comedy of life?"

For an instant these reflections caused her to pause, then remembering she had no time to lose if she wished to arrive in Chalons in time to save Francois Danton from being arrested, she continued her way.

When she had given Judith the permission to warn the Marquis du Terrail she had determined that his accomplice should escape also. The time to act had arrived, and she hastened to the haunted tower to tell Jenny that she was going to return to Chalons before Armand came back.

When she re-entered the room Jenny and the old housekeeper were alone, watching by the corpse. The last duties had been paid to the dead and Marie, with folded hands and rigid form, slept calmly her restful slumber. She had ceased her sufferings, still the traces of her past torture lingered on her face and revealed how cruelly this weakling had been handled during her course on earth.

After one last kiss given to her dead friend, Irene turned to Jenny and said:

"I leave for home before Armand and the Colonel return with the police. You can tell them that I will soon be back," and in answer to the mute question in Jenny's [illegible], she added: "I will tell you when I [illegible]."

With this she left the room. In the hall below she met a servant and ordered him to saddle a horse for her. A few minutes later she was on her way to rescue Francois. When she reached the villa she heard from the soldiers who still kept watch over the prisoner that her brother and the Colonel had gone with Armand to warn the police, and that they all had left for the Castle du Terrail. When she heard that the prisoner was still in their possession she drew a sigh of relief, and, drawing them to one side, said:

"Boys, I am about to do something that is not exactly prescribed by the French laws and may cause me some trouble. That man has aided a murderer to hide the traces of his crime, yet I am going to give him his liberty. I have no special love for his like, but as the real guilty one has gone to a Higher Court to be judged——"

"What! is the Marquis du Terrail dead?" asked one of the men eagerly.

"Yes, he has just killed himself, and now yonder wretch would be made to suffer for his [illegible]'s crimes; so I have concluded to let him escape. What do you say?"

"You know, Mademoiselle Irene, that we always approve of what you do, for we know that you would never do anything that was not right," answered the soldier who had spoken before, while the others nodded.

A smile, the first that had come to her lips since she had witnessed Marie's death, returned to her face some of its merry light and she answered:

"You are too indulgent, dear boys, and trust too much in my wisdom, for though I always try to act for the best I don't do the correct thing every time. Even today I am by no means sure that I am acting [illegible] best, still I am going to risk it. [illegible] letting him go, however, I am going to make a little sermon for his benefit, and if you care to hear it also you may follow me."

All five entered the room where Francois Danton was held captive. As Irene entered a beam of hope stole to the man's [illegible] and he questioned [illegible]:

"Has she spoken? Has she recovered her [illegible]?"

"Yes, she has spoken, but thanks to her insanity she does not know of your existence. This, together with du Terrail's [illegible], gives me the chance of giving you your liberty."

"My liberty!" he repeated after her, thinking he had misunderstood her meaning.

"Yes, your freedom. You are not a great ornament to society, but something tells [illegible] that you are a better man than the one who employed you to clear up his dirty work. He has killed himself and thus [illegible] the just punishment of his crime, so if I let the police take you you might be made to pay for both.

"I am not a religious crank, and therefore will not speak to you of God and the punishment He inflicts upon the guilty. I will leave that task to the enfeeblement of [illegible] it will re-light in your heart the teaching which in your youth [illegible] been given you by a pious [illegible]."

The man winced and she saw that she had touched a sensitive chord, and she continued:

"All I will say to you is that you still have some years before you during which to make amends for your past life and in a certain way efface the faults of the past. You had a mother once; she loved you, I am sure, and she hoped that you would become a good and noble man. You have not fulfilled her wish so far, but there is yet time for you to repent; so in her name I entreat you to become a better man."

"You have a son. For his sake I repeat the same entreaty. If you wish to [illegible] the joys of fatherhood, become a father whom no son has the right to blush [illegible] years to come your son will [illegible] it is better to be an honest man than a titled fool, and as he will not know of your criminal past he will return to you the affection which in the hot years of youth he has lavished on the empty honors of a deceitful world.

"I have no more to say. If my present act of mercy does not make you a better [illegible] will, and some day or other the law will get its hold upon you and then no one will stand by to shield you from the blow."

While Irene had spoken the man listened in rapt attention, but as she proceeded tears filled his eyes that for years had not known their soothing presence. Slowly his head sank and when at last she paused his face was buried in his hands. He remained thus for some time after she had ceased speaking; then, rising, he said:

"Mademoiselle O'Oban, your words have touched my heart and by the sainted memory of that mother in whose name you have spoken I swear to you that I will turn from my evil ways and become an honest man. More than that, I will never forget what you are doing for me this day, and the hour may come when I can prove my gratitude. Until then, farewell; only remember that this day you have saved a soul."

And bowing before her as he might have done before a queen, he walked from the room. When he was gone one of the soldiers wiped a tear which ran down a furrow of his cheek, then he said in husky tone:

"It would be better for the most of us if we remembered more the teachings of our old mothers, it would save us from a lot of mischief. Mademoiselle Irene, that was a fine sermon."

She was going to laugh at this remark, but the chilling thought of the corpse she had left at the castle checked the impulse, and only an amused smile came to her lips. She walked to the door and watched Francois' form disappear in the distance.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CRUSHING NEWS.

The scandal of du Terrail's suicide, the story of his crime and the sad fate and long captivity of his wife made the subjects of many sensational articles in the daily Paris press, where the actors in this drama were well known. Irene had wished it thus. Marie and Lucien had been publicly disgraced; it was but just that their memory should be publicly cleared.

Since their marriage Henri de Treves and his wife had been traveling abroad and when the news of the Marquis du Terrail's sudden death reached them they were in Naples. They had rented a villa by the seashore and from their windows they could see on the one side the Mediterranean Sea with its gay and picturesque scene, while on the other were the gloomy, foreboding outlines of the Vesuvius.

This morning they had just finished their breakfast and de Treves, having read his letters, opened the papers from Paris. His eyes were at once arrested by the flashing headlines of the du Terrail scandal, and with a low exclamation he began to read.

Marguerite, startled by his cry, looked up from the letter she was reading, and was frightened by the sudden change which had come over her husband's face.

"What's the matter, Henri?" she questioned anxiously.

For answer he arose and giving her the paper said gloomily:

"Read for yourself."

Then without another word he walked to the window and with sad eyes looked out on the gay scene without. He had been so happy during those short weeks of married life that the thought of the shadow of the present news was destined to cast over his bliss filled his heart with pain.

Marguerite had loved Lucien de Lorgnac once, and only her scorn for his base depravity had been able to conquer that affection. But today everything was changed; the scoundrel of yesterday was the hero of today; he was only a victim, while he had been classed as a villain. And he, the husband, would have to live with the thought that he had to share his wife's heart with another! In the unjust selfishness of his passion he wished that the truth had never been known, that the Marquis du Terrail had still continued to deceive the world [illegible] his hypocrisy, and that Marie and [illegible] should still be considered as the faithless [illegible] enjoying in some retired corner [illegible] guilty dream. But this was not to [illegible], the truth was known and he had but to wait to see what effect it would have upon his wife.

Marguerite had taken the paper from her husband's hand and her eyes had [illegible] anxiously over the printed lines. As she read, the rosy tints vanished from her lips, and slowly the large, gray eyes filled with tears. For a brief moment she [illegible] the past, once again she felt the [illegible] of love Lucien's presence called to her heart. She had doubted him and he was innocent; she had scorned him and he was only a victim! The paper dropped from her hands and with bowed head she remained plunged in the remembrance of the past, entirely forgetful of the present.

A deep sigh of profound anguish coming from her husband aroused her. She looked toward the window and saw him standing in an attitude of anxious waiting. Her heart smote her, and at once she realized that though she could pity the sad fate of her first lover, she could not return to his memory the least particle of that love she had once given him. Henri had her heart whole and entire, and his forever.

She rose and walked to the window. De Treves felt she was near, yet he dared not take his eyes from his moody stare on the luminous extent of the sea shining so brightly beneath the golden rays of Italy's warm sun. She put her hand on his arm and softly murmured his name.

"Henri!"

"Marguerite," he answered with questioning accent [illegible] word, though still he did not look [illegible].

The question his tones had asked she hastened to answer, and slipping her arm round his neck she said:

"Henri, I can return to his memory the esteem I had taken from him I thought so guilty, but I cannot give back any of the love he once had aroused, for it is yours, Henri, yours now as much as [illegible], yours forever."

With boundless joy he clasped her in his arms and his eyes meeting hers read behind the misty rings of her tears the secret of her love for him. But a last quiver of jealousy still throbbing in his heart caused [illegible]

"[illegible] ceased to love him, yet you [illegible]"

"[illegible] Henri, I weep, but do not be jealous of my tears, for they spring from my sorrow at having misjudged those I should have pitied. They are addressed as much to Marie as to Lucien de Lorgnac, and they are in a certain measure a plea to their spirits to forgive the one who thought them guilty."

She unclasped herself from his arm, and, putting her hands on his shoulders, she pushed him from her that she might see his face more clearly, then said:

"I will not deceive you by saying that I will never think of him or remember the past. Yes, often in my happiness, in the satisfied bliss of my life, I will think of them—nay, perhaps shed a tear over their sad fate, but what I can swear to you, Henri, is that I will never once think of him as a lover. I have but one lover and you are that one. Lucien de Lorgnac will be the departed friend, the memory of a love that is dead, but never again will he share the affection of a heart that belongs exclusively to you."

Her words chased the last doubt which still lingered in his thought, and as he seized her hands and clasped them once [illegible] about his neck, he kissed her tenderly as he murmured:

"My Marguerite, mine by the heart, as well as by the law."

Thus the discovery of the Marquis du Terrail's crime had no fatal consequence for the happiness of the Baron and Baroness de Treves. He believed her words, and though at times in after years a veil of sorrow would chase for an instant the smile from his wife's lips, he felt no jealousy, for he knew she was thinking not of the Lucien she had loved but of the Lucien she had misjudged.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE UNEXPECTED WEDDING GIFT.

A month later amid the singing of the birds and the bright rays of a June sun, Irene D'Oban and Jenny Deo were dressing in their bridal robes. All the gayety of Irene's sunny nature had returned to her and she laughed and talked with Marguerite de Treves, who, aided by a maid, was helping her to dress.

Suddenly she remarked with a vain attempt to keep from laughing:

"How I regret that custom should demand that a bride be forced to put on all this finery—train, orange blossoms, veil and wreath."

"Why, Irene, you are not like most women who wait so anxiously to wear the very [illegible] you seem to disdain," said Madame de Treves, in surprised tones.

"As to that, I am not surprised; for you should remember that I am vastly different from the majority of women. This being my wedding day, I naturally desire to look my best, and I know that I only look at ease in a hunting suit or a riding habit."

Marguerite laughed as she remarked:

"You surely never thought of wearing such a costume at a wedding?"

Irene's lips twitched in an amused smile as she answered:

"Just there you are mistaken, for I did think of something of the kind. I even told Jenny of it, but she answered that a

(Continued on page fourteen.)

BOYS AND GIRLS CORNER

The Adventures of Tom Dayton;

OR

The Mystery of Dark Hollow.

By Will Lisenbee.

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CHAPTER XVI.

In the west wing of the house was an old lumber room that had not been used for many years. It was a sort of receptacle for discarded furniture and a mass of other articles that had accumulated.

"I haven't looked in here yet," said Mr. Henderson, "for I did not think it likely that I had brought the box into the place. However, as we are to take in every part of the house, we had just as well go through this at the start."

He took a seat by the door while Tom began work. The room was deep in dust, as was everything else therein, and it looked as if no one had entered it for years.

There were a number of boxes containing tools of various kinds, and these Tom looked through carefully, moving them back out of his way as he went on with his search.

His uncle sat at the door watching him for an hour; then saying he felt tired and would have to go and lie down for a while, he went to his own room.

Tom worked for an hour and had almost finished the room when on displacing a heavy box some boards in the floor, which had become decayed (probably from a leak) broke under him, and he would have fallen through had he not held to the box and saved himself.

He drew himself up and stood looking through the opening. He took a piece of broken board and dropped it through. He heard the sound of it as it struck six or seven feet below.

There was a cellar beenath the room; of that there could be no doubt. Here was a discovery! He did not know that there was anything of the kind under that part of the house.

It struck him that this might be the place where the box had been hidden. He hurried out to tell his uncle of his discovery, but on reaching the door of his uncle's room he saw that he was asleep on a cot.

Not wishing to disturb him, he went into the kitchen, got a lantern and a piece of rope and returned to the room in the west wing.

Lighting the lantern, he fastened the rope to one of the boxes and lowered himself through the hole into the cellar.

At first he could distinguish nothing, it was so dark, but as his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he perceived that he was in what resembled a small cavern more than a cellar.

It was not over eight feet in width, but extended beyond the reach of his vision in length. As he looked about him he could see no door of entrance, nor were there any stairs visible.

There was nothing in the chamber, and it appeared as if it had never been used. The walls were of solid rock and were too irregular to have been fashioned by hand.

"It looks as if the house had just been built over opening," Tom said, as he glanced about him. "I wonder how far the passage extends."

He moved forward, holding the lantern aloft and glancing about him. There was a strange, musty smell about the chamber. The air was damp and chill, and the silence was such as to give Tom a queer sensation.

The floor sloped downward, and as the young adventurer looked upward, he could see that he had passed from under the house and the roof was of rock.

That he was in a cavern he now knew. Descending the slope for some twenty yards he came to the end of the passage. As he did so his eyes fell on an oblong box sitting close in against the wall. There was something in the size and shape of it that was so suggestive of a coffin that Tom started violently at sight of it, and a sudden feeling of fear came over him.

For some moments he did not move, but stood staring at the box as if he dared not approach it.

There was something grewsome in the object that sent a cold chill through him, and he could not divest himself of a sort of creepy feeling as he approached.

As he bent over the box he saw that the lid was loosely lying on its top. He took hold of it and shoved it aside. Then as the rays of the lantern fell into the cavity beneath he started back with a smothered cry of horror. What he saw was a human skeleton!

He stood for a moment as if fascinated, a vague, indefinable sense of terror stealing over him. Then he replaced the lid, and, turning, half ran back up the passage. He did not stop till he was at the opening, and, seizing the rope, he quickly drew himself up into the room.

He extinguished the lantern and sat down on a box, dazed and bewildered. He did not know what to make of the discovery. His first impulse was to go to his uncle and tell him of it, but something held him back.

Perhaps his uncle already knew of the presence of the grewsome object. As he reflected over the matter he became convinced that such must be the case.

What mystery was this that he had stumbled onto? Had there been a crime committed? Was the skeleton the remains of some one who had been foully dealt with?

These questions passed rapidly through Tom's mind, but he could find no answer to them.

He got up hurriedly and replaced the boxes over the broken place in the floor and returned the lantern to its place, deciding that he would say nothing of his discovery.

He closed the door of the room and went out into the yard and took a seat under one of the spreading trees. His unpleasant experience in the cavern had driven all thoughts of the hidden box from his mind.

He espied Zeke coming across the yard with a string of fish, and he was glad enough to have this evidence that the darkey had not been about the place while he was in the cavern.

"I am glad neither Zeke nor my uncle was present to witness my discovery," Tom said, "for there is something very queer about the whole business and it may be better for me that I keep what I have found out a secret."

There was a mystery about his uncle's life that no one had been able to explain. No one seemed to know anything about him. He was looked on as an eccentric individual, a recluse, a man of mystery.

The more Tom thought of the strange affair the more ill at ease he became.

Could it be that his uncle was a criminal? There was something in his face and in the expression of his eyes that repelled Tom. He felt this at the first moment he beheld him.

He went into the library and fell to looking over some old volumes, and was thus engaged when Zeke announced dinner.

His uncle came to dinner and he and Tom discussed plans for continuing the search for the lost box. But Tom was anxious to get away from the place, and he was tempted to return to Rockville immediately.

Every moment he stayed at the place it seemed to grow more forbidding, and the memory of the grewsome object in the dark cavern below the house haunted him and filled his mind with a thousand conjectures.

CHAPTER XVII.

After dinner the search for the lost box was continued. But Tom had little interest in it. They spent a large part of the afternoon in going through the different rooms of the house, first exploring all outhouses, and then they began to make a careful inspection of the grounds.

"It is possible that I might have buried it," said Mr. Henderson, "and, if so, the place might yet be easily detected"

But their labor was fruitless, and Tom was glad enough when it came time to quit.

After supper he went to his room and sat down by the open window.

His mind kept dwelling on the events of the day, and it was impossible for him to shut out the vision of the ghastly skeleton that danced before his imagination.

It made him restless and ill at ease, and long after he had retired it came back to him. When at last he fell asleep his rest was broken by troubled dreams.

The sun was shining brightly when Tom awoke the next morning. He jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. He wanted to get back to Rockville, and he was determined to start for town without waiting for Ora to come for him.

"This place is growing more and more distasteful to me," he said, as he descended the stairs. "I hardly think I shall return, excepting for a short visit."

As soon as he had eaten his breakfast he set out for Rockville, having told his uncle that he had some very pressing business to look after there."

Before he had gone a half mile ne met Ora coming for him in a buggy.

"I thought I had better come for you right away and not wait till afternoon," he said.

"Then you have news?"

"Yes. A telegram came for you this morning, and I thought it best to bring it out at once."

As he spoke he handed Tom a yellow envelope which he took from his pocket.

Tom opened it hurriedly, and as he read it a cry of surprise broke from his lips.

"Read this," he said to Ora, thrusting the telegram into his friend's hand.

Oro took it and read:

"DEEP GULCH, Wyoming, July 9, 19——. To Thomas Dayton, Rockville, Mo.: M. Grove is mayor of Deep Gulch. Probably mistake. JULIUS MILLER, Sheriff."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" ejaculated Ora. "What do you think of it?"

"That's a corker!" admitted Tom.

"Can there be two M. Groves?"

"You may search me," replied Tom, with a shake of the head.

"What shall we do?"

"It doesn't look as if it were necessary to do anything just now. Not before Mr. Larkin comes this evening, at least."

"If M. Grove is the mayor of the town he is not likely to run away immediately."

"I should think not."

"Shall we send any reply to the sheriff?"

"I hardly know."

"It would be a huge joke on us—me in particular—if all my theories should turn out to be mere moonshine. Yet I can't help thinking that M. Grove is Mortimer Gluck."

"Nor I."

"Isn't it rather funny that he should turn up as mayor of his town?"

"Not when one considers what kind of a town Deep Gulch may be. It is frequently the case that a town will spring up in a week in those gold fields of the West, and any man may be chosen as mayor."

"That's right."

Tom climbed into the buggy and they drove in the direction of town.

"I think we have got Mortimer Gluck cornered," said Ora, after a short silence, "and he is situated so he is not likely to run away before we can lay hands on him."

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Tom. "We can wire the sheriff that M. Grove is suspected of being Mortimer Gluck who is wanted here. If the sheriff is a shrewd officer he can easily trap the fellow by calling him that name. He can at least satisfy himself as to whether we have made a mistake."

"Capital!" cried Ora. "We'll send it as soon as we get to town"

"If we send it right away we shall hear from the sheriff by the time Mr. Larkin arrives."

"That will be fine. I want us to be loaded with all the information we can possibly get hold of before he comes."

"It will create quite a sensation in Rockville if Gluck is found"

"I should say it will."

"I wonder what your father will say when he finds out that you are the one who has worked up the case?"

"Oh, I'm not going to think of that just yet," replied Ora.

"I guess he wouldn't object if you were to win the thousand dollars," said Tom.

"If we win it," corrected Ora.

"Oh, but really I have had no hand in it," declared Tom. "You had the whole case worked up before I came, and the reward will all go to you if Gluck is caught."

"But a share of it will be yours."

"Mr. Larkin is paying me for what I do, and I am not entitled to any reward."

"Well, I guess we'll not quarrel over it," smiled Ora; "at least till we know whether we are on the right track or not."

CHAPTER XVIII.

As soon as the boys reached town they drove to the telegraph office. Tom got out, wrote the following dispatch and handed it to the operator:

"To Julius Miller, Sheriff, Deep Gulch, Wyoming: M. Grove suspected of being Mortimer Gluck. Send photo and shadow. "THOS. DAYTON."

The operator read it, a look of surprise coming over his face. He glanced quickly at Tom, but made no remark.

"I guess he thought I was a detective," Tom said to Ora a few moments later, as he climbed into the buggy and told of the surprised look on the operator's face. "I don't suppose he'll mention the matter to any one."

"He will not dare to," replied Ora. "The telegraph company don't allow its operators to tell of anything sent over the wires. But I'll bet he'll do a lot of hard thinking;" Ora added with a smile. "You see, this Gluck matter has been talked of here for months, and any developments in it are sure to create a good deal of comment."

Ora drove over to the barn, left his horse, and then the two boys went to the hotel. They went to Tom's room and took seats by the open window.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Funk, the German, since I went away?" asked Tom.

"I saw him in front of the hotel yesterday evening," replied Ora, "and that is not all. I saw him sauntering along by a path a mile from town as I drove out to Dark Hollow for you this morning"

"Did he speak to you?"

"No. He did not seem to notice me."

"Which way did he go?"

"He was walking in a northwesterly course. He carried something with him that resembled fishing tackle, but I could not be sure that that was what it was."

"I'd give a good deal to know what the fellow is really up to. What in the world can be his object in prowling about in the woods?"

"He is either a detective or is half-witted"

"I have thought the same thing, yet he puzzles me."

"I wonder what Bud Hadlock thinks of him?"

"Who is Bud Hadlock?"

Ora smiled.

"He's a detective."

"A detective?"

"Yes—that is, he thinks he is."

"Does he live here?"

"Yes. He's a sort of vagabond. He's about eighteen, and spends most of his time loafing about the village or fishing. Sometimes he does odd jobs. He is always full of theories about any case that comes up, whether it is here or a thousand miles away."

"Have you ever talked with him about the Gluck case?"

"Not a great deal. I heard him express an opinion once, but I have quite forgotten what it was. I saw him talking to Mr. Funk last night."

"You did not hear their conversation?"

"Not a word. But I have no doubt that

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he already knows—or will assume that he does—all about the German."

"Why not ask him?"

"Oh, there are times when Bud is as close as a clam. Maybe he'd talk, and then, again, he might not. It would be amusing to hear what he'd have to say."

"Yes, it would. Then I'd like to hear his theories about the Gluck case, if he has any."

"So should I. Suppose I get him to come up here and see what we can get him to say?"

"Capital! It would be great. And there is no telling but he may have stumbled onto something that will help us."

"That's right, though it is extremely doubtful. But, after all, Bud is nobody's fool. To do him justice, he was the only one in the whole town that hit on the right theory regarding the loss of Mr. Farley's horses. He declared that the horses had strayed away instead of being stolen, and so it proved. I'll go out and look for him. If I find him I'll bring him up."

Ora went out and in a half hour returned alone. He had not been able to find Bud, as he was not in the village."

"Perhaps he's on the trail of Mr. Funk," laughed Ora. "If he is, he'll have all the more to tell when we see him."

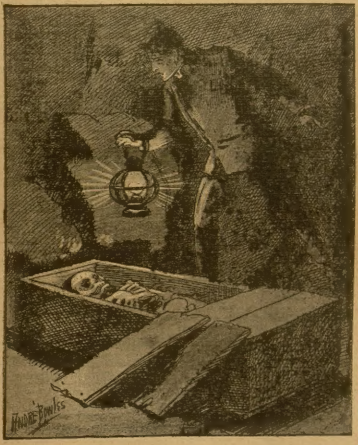
Tom went home with Ora to take dinner, and when they returned to the hotel a telegram had arrived from Deep Gulch.

Tom tore it open with feverish haste and read:

"Have mailed photo. Write particulars. Tried name on party. No effect.
"JULIUS MILLER, Sheriff."

"What do you think of it?" asked Ora.

"It is hard to tell. It is plain that the officer thinks there is a mistake."



What he saw was a human skeleton.

"It looks that way. But a man who could play such a game as Gluck has played would not be caught very easily. But we shall know when we get the photograph."

The boys left the hotel and took a stroll through the town. It was 3 o'clock when the stage from Mason's Springs arrived, and, much to the delight of Ora and Tom, Mr. Larkin was among the passengers.

He shook hands warmly with Tom, and when Ora had been introduced the three went to the hotel.

"I think we have got Mr. Gluck cornered at last," Tom announced, when they were seated in his room. "That is, my friend Ora here has. And before I say anything I am going to ask him to tell all he has discovered in relation to the case."

"Then Mr. Mansfield is a detective, is he?" asked Mr. Larkin in some surprise.

"Yes, sir, and a shrewd one, it seems to me," declared Tom.

Mr. Larkin looked at Ora doubtfully.

The youth colored under his gaze.

"Tom may attach too much importance to my theories," he said, "for I may be wrong entirely."

"Don't try to prejudice Mr. Larkin at the start," protested Tom. "I want you to tell him everything, just as you told it to me, and then let him judge for himself."

"Tom has written me about you," Mr. Larkin said to Ora, "and I am convinced that you have something to say worth listening to, else you could not have so completely convinced Tom that you are on the right trail."

Ora began and related everything, just as he had told it to Tom, beginning with his first knowledge of the case and presenting his discoveries step by step till the whole matter was gone over. Then, when he had finished, the telegrams received from the sheriff were given Mr. Larkin to read.

It was plain to be seen that he was greatly affected by Ora's story, and he listened to it with the keenest attention, asking a question now and then.

When he had read the dispatches from the sheriff he looked at Ora for a moment, and there was no mistaking the admiration in his eyes.

"You are a remarkable boy," he said. "I believe you have unraveled the whole mystery. It is wonderful!"

Ora colored visibly under the farmer's glance.

"A great deal of what I have found out has been the merest accident," he said. "I only hope it will lead to something."

"I am quite satisfied that it will," said Mr. Larkin. "I might say that it has already done so."

"And so am I," agreed Tom.

They continued to talk over the matter for an hour.

"I suppose it will take three or four days to get the photograph," remarked Mr. Larkin. "Well, I guess I had just as well stay here and see the matter out."

The reader will find in next week's issue of the Ledger further chapters of this thrilling story. Cameras and patterns are still being given free to subscribers. See pages thirteen and fifteen.

The Czar and His Ministers.

Shortly after the present war had begun a number of dignitaries and officials gathered round General Kouropatkin one day and asked him how things were going on. With a malicious twinkle in his eye the war minister replied: "Like yourselves, I know only what is published. The war is Alexieff's business, not mine." When three ministers implored the Czar to evacuate Manchuria and safeguard the peace of the world, he answered: "I shall keep the world and my own counsel as well." To one of the grand dukes, who, on the day before the rupture with Japan, vaguely hinted at the possibility of war, the Emperor said: "Leave that to me. Japan will never fight. My reign will be an era of peace to the end."

The following comments are made on the Czar's conduct of public business by a high Russian official: He is ever struggling with phantoms, fighting with windmills, conversing with saints or consulting the spirits of the dead. But of the means at hand for helping his people or letting them help themselves he never avails himself. Books he has long ago ceased to read, and sound advice he is incapable of listening to. His ministers he receives with great formality and dismisses with haughty condescension. They are often kept in the dark about matters which it behooves them to know thoroughly and early.

In his study he is generally busy signing replies to addresses of loyalty, or writing comments on the various reports presented by ministers, governors, and other officials. He is encouraged by his courtiers to believe that all these replies and comments are priceless.

The Point of View.

"Have you a good cook?" asked Mrs. Bond Hill.

"Yes, she's good enough," replied Mrs. Chester Park. "She attends church three times a week and all that, but her cooking is something fierce."

AN UNEMOTIONAL MAN.

BY MAX ADELER.

He sat upon the front bench, directly before me, while I was delivering my lecture, and although the audience frequently manifested their enjoyment of what I said, I noticed that he never moved a muscle of his face, nor uttered a word, even when I told some of my most amusing anecdotes. When the entertainment was over, and I had gone to the hotel, he came in and approached me.

"That was the best lecture I ever heard in my life," he said.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, indeed, and I thought I'd like to tell you how it struck me."

"It didn't seem to impress you very favorably while I was delivering it."

"That's what I wanted to explain to you. I'm the most unfortunate man alive. Do you know, I can't express a solitary emotion."

"You can't?"

"Not an emotion. I daren't laugh, because I have lumbago, and the faintest laugh—a mere grin—gives me a crick in my back, which doubles me all up like a Barlow knife.

"Look at me!" he exclaimed, removing his hat; "that's a wig. You scare some men right bad, and their hair rises straight up on end. Why, sir, you might set me in a volcano, and shoot me up a thousand miles a-straddle of red-hot lava, and my scalp'd only twitch a little. Not a hair on it. How am I going to express fright?"

"You can hello, can't you?"

"No, sir, I can't; can't even sigh. My left lung is completely gone. The last time I tried to sigh was at Mrs. Partridge's funeral and I made a noise like a coffee mill. They were going to put me out for insulting the afflicted family, but I explained to the undertaker that I was one lung short, and that buzzing sound was intended as a tribute of affection for the remains. He said himself he considered that it indicated some extraordinary kind of grief, and so he went on screwing down the coffin lid."

"I wonder you were not made angry by the mistake."

"Angry! What's the use? I can't allow myself to get angry. Suppose I am mad and want to grit my teeth? Well, I darsen't! If I do, I'll break 'em, and sink sixty-eight dollars. A man's a fool to go gritting a sixty-eight-dollar set of porcelain teeth these hard times."

"But you can cry, if you want to, of course?"

"Of course I can't. I have a chronic dry eye. I was operated on for cataract two years ago, and the doctor had to lift out my tear ducts to get at the pupil. There's no more water around my eyes than there is in a stone plate. I wanted to cry once there in your lecture, when you told that affecting story; but you might as well try to pump water out of a blast furnace."

"It's pretty hard that a man can't express either sorrow or exultation."

"Exultation! Thunder! I never feel any. I'm in anguish right straight along. I did, once, hire a boy to express my emotions for me. When I wanted to laugh, I tickled him, and he snickered right out. When I wanted to cry, I kicked him, and he bellowed. And so on. But one day, when I felt extra mournful, I kicked him maybe a little too hard, and it made him mad. He hit me with a brick, and nearly collapsed my only remaining lung, and then he resigned, without collecting his back wages. It's hard, sir, hard! Probably you might recommend an emotional person who would rent himself out to me for a couple of dollars a week and found? No? Ah, well, I shall have to drift along unexpressed."

And so he straightened his wig, put on his hat and sailed out through the door in a condition of awful calmness.

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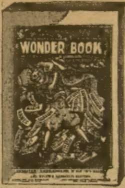

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A Man of Mystery.

(Continued from page seven.)

had his companion observed how he was occupied, would have conveyed to him only the idea that he did it in mere nervousness and for want of actual employment.

Mondelet would have thought the same, had he not noticed that when the wily scoundrel had finished he, with his eyes in another direction, carelessly swept the sheet from the table to his knee. He then saw him bend his head, as if reading what he had written, and having done so, quietly fold the paper, watching Polinski all the while.

Suddenly the latter looked up, and Lark hastily crushed the paper in his handkerchief and thrust both, as he supposed, in his pocket.

He then rose to take his leave.

The Nihilist handed him the commendatory letters he had written, and politely accompanied him to the stairs, still talking in an undertone.

Mondelet arose, slightly opened his door and peeped out. They had turned the corner of the corridor.

He glanced toward the door of the room they had just left.

It was open!

Lithe as a cat, the Frenchman was out of his own apartment and in that of his neighbor.

The crushed sheet which Larkin Lawless had inadvertently dropped lay upon the floor where he had seen it fall.

In an instant he had secured it, and was back in his lonely room.

In next week's issue of the Ledger another installment of this captivating story will be offered the reader. Each subscription to the Ledger calls for a free camera or patterns as the subscriber may choose. See our announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Love's Guilty Dream.

(Continued from page eleven.)

little eccentricity might be pardoned, but that would be carrying things too far. I understood that she did not approve of the plan, so I did not urge my scheme further. So today she is going to eclipse me dreadfully, for with her ladylike grace she will appear an angel, while I will have the appearance of a boy masquerading in woman's clothes."

She laughed with such hearty good humor that her listeners joined her. Then she added: "If any one were listening at the door what a poor opinion they would have of me! But really, Marguerite, I have been grave for so long that today I make up for lost time by saying a lot of nonsense."

The toilet was completed by this time, and Marguerite, looking at the sweet flushed face and slender figure said:

"Do not regret the riding-habit or the hunting suit, Irene, for you could not have looked more charming in either."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried gleefully, as she clapped her hands; "I so feared that I might not please my Armand. The only thing I need hope for now is that I don't make too many errors during the ceremony. That was the reason why I insisted that Raoul and Jenny be married first. I will see how they get through the work. Yesterday I managed it real well at the civil marriage, so that gives me hopes for the religious ceremony."

At that moment some one rang the front doorbell, and Irene looking out of the window saw a carriage.

"Who's that? Come, Marguerite, and tell me if you know whose carriage that is."

The two girls looked, but could not make out who was the visitor. They were not long kept in suspense, however, for a few minutes later a servant knocked at the door, which Irene opened at once.

"Mademoiselle Irene," he said, "there is a gentleman in the parlor and he desires to have a few moments' interview with you."

"Did he give his name?"

"No, Mademoiselle, for he said you did not know him."

"Then the only thing for me to do is to go down and get acquainted, I suppose," and she hurried from the room.

When she entered the drawing-room an elderly man in colonel's uniform, with the cross of the Legion de Honneur on his bosom, rose to greet her.

"Mademoiselle D'Oban," he said, "I am Colonel Dubois, an officer in the household of His Excellency the Minister of War."

Not the least abashed by these titles, Irene extended her hand, saying: "I am glad to meet you, Colonel Dubois, only sorry that I have so little time during which to make your acquaintance. As you must see by my dress, I am to be married today and the carriage will be here in half an hour."

An amused smile stole to the Colonel's lips as he said: "His Excellency General X—— sent me to you with a letter and some gifts he wishes to make to the 'idol of the regiment' in honor of her wedding."

Irene's eyes were dilated with astonishment, while the most comical expression stole over her face as she exclaimed:

"The Minister of War sends me a present for my wedding! I don't understand."

"If you will kindly read this letter, Mademoiselle, it may tell you."

Irene took the letter and after asking permission tore open the envelope and read:

"You perhaps have forgotten the pleasant half hour we passed together at a reception at the English embassy. If you have forgotten, it has been different with me, and often since I have re-lived in memory those pleasant moments and recalled the charming grace and unaffected candor of the 'Daughter of the Regiment.'

"From afar I have kept track of your life, and today beg leave to send some gifts to you in honor of the wedding. The officer who remits this to you will also give you two envelopes. One contains a commission of commandant for Captain Raoul D'Oban, and the other of captain for Lieutenant-Armand Lepage, while for you personally is a jeweled trinket representing the flag to the regiment whose daughter you are."

Irene read no more, for those words, like a powerful intoxicant, had gone to her head, and almost unconscious of what she was doing she seized her astonished visitor by the hand, crying:

"Raoul commandant and Armand captain! Oh, dear me! it's too good to be true."

She let go of his hands and laughing and crying at once she continued: "Tell him that I cannot thank him enough; that to express my gratitude I need invent a new language, for the French tongue is too cold to correctly express my feelings. Tell him that nothing in this wide world would have made me happier—oh, but I can't say anything else."

She looked about her and her eyes fell on a bouquet of orange blossoms, which in her excitement she had deranged from her dress. Seizing it, she handed it to the officer and added:

"Here, give this to him; tell him that I kissed it," suiting the action to the word, "and that that kiss will express the gratitude my heart feels. These flowers will fade, but my sentiment will live as long as a breath lingers in my body."

Coloned Dubois was moved by her emotion and he took the flowers from her hand with respectful admiration. The kiss was not visible on the snowy petals, but two tears, born of her joy, still clung like pearly drops to the white cluster.

He gave her the two commissions and also a small case of white velvet. In her unselfishness she had first thought of the joy of those she loved, but now her woman's curiosity caused her to open the case. There, on a layer of white velvet, lay a miniature flag of the regiment, that flag she loved with a soldier's ardor; that flag she was ready to defend with a soldier's courage. She took it up, brought it to her lips, then in husky tones said, smiling through her tears:

"Colors are proscribed from a bride's toilet, but a soldier may wear a flag," and with charming simplicity she pinned the jewel on her bosom.

Colonel Deo entered at that moment, and without much coherence in her words Irene related to him all that had happened; then she added:

"Entertain Colonel Dubois and invite him to the wedding, for I must hurry to tell Jenny the glad news."

She bowed before the officer, then hurried from the room leaving him with the impression that he had just met the most unusual yet the most charming woman in the world. Irene had just won another heart.

Jenny, aided by her nieces, two charming young ladies of sixteen, who today were to be the bridesmaids of the one who had taken their mother's place, had completed her toilet when Irene burst into the room.

"Jenny, Jenny!" she cried breathlessly, "you're going to be a commandant's wife," and without giving her time to recover from the fright her sudden entrance in the room had caused, Irene related all that had happened downstairs, while with excited gestures she unfolded the commissions of advancement before Jenny's wondering eyes.

* * * * * * *

Irene had desired to be married at Chalons instead of the family castle as Raoul had at first suggested, but when he saw that Irene's heart was so set upon being near her beloved soldiers he had given in, more so as it made possible the celebration of the two marriages on the same day, the Colonel's post keeping him in camp.

Raoul having given his consent was not a man to do things by half, and a surprise awaited Irene, for her brother had decided that the wedding dinner would be served in the open air at the villa and that the oldest soldiers should be invited and that they and the guests should eat together beneath the same canopy of flowers and that same sky which God made as blue for the poor man as for the titled gentleman. In the center of the garden was a long table where the two brides were to sit with the invited guests, but in a square around this central table were others where the soldiers were to sit so that on her wedding day Irene would be surrounded and framed in by the soldiers she loved and who worshiped her.

Willing hands had ransacked the country far and wide for blossoms of all sorts, and now the costly orchids mingled their charms with the humble beauty of the field daisy. But this mixture of flowers personified the one in whose honor they had been plucked.

Born amid the pomp of wealth and honor, she had grown up sweet, simple and humble as any of the wild flowers of the prairie. The cultivation of a social world had in no way altered the native beauty of her soul, and vanity and deceit had passed by her without tarnishing in any way the splendor of her simplicity.

The Duc de La Motte had consented to take Raoul's place and give away the bride. When his wife heard that the wedding was to take place at the villa and that the soldiers would be guests, she gave a sneer of disgust as she remarked:

"How vulgar to be married in camp, but worse still to eat with common, everyday soldiers, the sons of nobodies."

"It might be vulgar for some, but not for Irene; for never will a bride have a frame which suits her better than will Irene when surrounded by her soldiers."

Everything was ready, flowery arches rose on every side, flags floated from every nook and corner, unfurling their colors to the will of the summer breeze; the soldiers, in uniforms that faithful brushing had relieved of the least particle of dust, while the brass buttons had been rendered blindingly bright by hours of patient polishing, stood in a double file waiting for the young brides to pass between their ranks ere they entered the church.

Beneath a canopy of flowers and flags the aumonier of the camp waited. Armand and Raoul, resplendent in glittering uniforms, arrived first with their best men; then came the sound of carriage wheels, and Jenny Deo, pale and calm in her white dress, appeared, leaning lightly on her brother's arm, and following her were her nieces who played their role of bridesmaids with dainty grace.

The soldiers bowed before her, but though they admired her very much, their eyes unconsciously turned to catch the first glimpse of their child, their laughing, loving idol. They had not long to wait, for she appeared, radiant in her healthy beauty, her head erect, her lips smiling, while tears of emotion and happiness rolled unheeded down her cheeks. And as she approached on the Duc's arm, old veterans, whose backs age had bent, straightened their forms that they might do honor to their little Irene.

Irene had no bridesmaid, for she preferred to be escorted to the altar by the four oldest soldiers of the regiment, and now they followed her pride and emotion made their eyes so misty that they could scarcely see the charming white-robed vision before them.

Raoul and Jenny were married first; then came Armand and Irene. When the last rite was completed, when the old aumonier who had seen Irene grow from a child to a woman, had pronounced a few words to the newly-wedded couple, they returned to the villa and the soldiers were allowed to draw near and express their congratulations, for discipline for that day was a thing unknown in the camp.

Then followed a scene which was never to leave the memory of those who witnessed it. Irene talked like a regular chatterbox, she pressed so many hands that her fingers ached, while her happiness was so intense that at one time she said to Armand, who stood proud and happy by her side:

"Oh, if this continues I fear my heart will burst! It has become so swollen with pride and joy that I can scarcely breathe."

But the strain did continune for some hours longer, for that meal taken amid her soldiers, the rough but loving speeches they made, moved more deeply still the loving heart to which they were addressed. At last she felt that the time had come for her to make a speech, and rising she said amid an unbroken, almost breathless, silence:

"Boys, you are more fortunate than most

YOUNG MEN
AND BOYS

Don't ruin your manhood by secret habits. My new Patented Electric Manhood Protector makes it impossible. A sure habit breaker. Permanently cures lost vitality, varicocele, weakening drains, etc., and restores the organs to their full strength and vigor.

This little invention can be worn undetected. It is a Godsend to men and boys. Indorsed by leading physicians. No drugs, no belt, no C. O. D. fraud. Send for illustrated book, sent free in plain sealed envelope. Strictest confidence observed.

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EVERY LADY READ THIS

Years ago when I was a sufferer, an old nurse told me of a wonderful cure for Leucorrhoea, Displacements, Painful Periods, Uterine and Ovarian troubles. It cured me in one month. It is a simple, harmless lotion that can be prepared by any one having the recipe. I will send it free to every suffering sister who writes to me. Address

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FREE To introduce Woman's World in your home we make you a present appreciated by every lady. Woman's World has a circulation of 800,000 and is the best high-class illustrated magazine ever published at a popular price. Send only ten cents, our special rate for a five months' trial subscription, and we will send Woman's World for five months, and you will get FREE by return mail TEN beautiful designs and patterns—the centerpiece, photo frame, three large doilies and napkin ring—216 square inches of fine linen stamped with the latest designs as illustrated below; also the fine Battenberg handkerchief, collar, tie-end, etc., shown above—all different—all ready to work—216 square inches more—and all ABSOLUTELY FREE—IN ALL 432 SQUARE INCHES.. Send 25 cents and we will send Woman's World one year and all the premiums mentioned above; also 15 yards of fine laces. Address,

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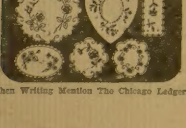

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TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD

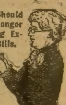
Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 302 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

I Cure Women
OF FEMALE DISEASE AND PILES

I Will Cure You So That You Should Stay Cured—Women No Longer Need Submit to Embarassing Examinations and Big Doctor Bills.

To Show Good Faith and to Prove to You That I Can Cure You I Will Send Free a Package of My Remedy to Every Sufferer.



I hold the secret of a discovery which has seldom failed to cure women of piles or female weakness. Falling of the womb, painful menstrual periods, leucorrhea, granulation, ulceration, etc., are very readily cured by my treatment.

I now offer this priceless secret to the women of America, believing that it will effect a cure in almost any case, no matter how long you have suffered or how many doctors have failed.

I do not ask any sufferer to take my unsupported word for this, so will send you some of the medicine free. If you will send me your name and address I will mail you a trial package absolutely free, which will show you that you can be cured. Do not suffer another day but just sit down and write me for it right now.

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and all unhealthy conditions of the urethra no matter of what nature, ENTIRELY REMOVED by

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To prove this we send enough medicine FREE. No C. O. D. scheme. Write for free medicine and booklet on Stricture, Enlarged Prostate and Weakened Vitality.

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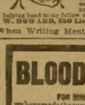

I will send to any sufferer of Lost Manhood, nervous debility, sexual weakness, lost memory, varicocele, night losses, insomnia, lost vitality, neurasthenia, shrunken or undeveloped sexual organs or nervous prostration, a recipe for private use that will quickly restore to natural vigor. It cured me and gave me vim, vigor, vitality and ambition to rise from a hard-working shoemaker to a profession in life. I was once a sufferer from all the nerve-racking symptoms of these diseases, and having been cured it is only natural that I should want to lend a helping hand to my fellow sufferer. Address PROF. GEORGE W. HOWARD, 280 Lincoln Building, Detroit, Mich.

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COOK REMEDY CO.
1730 MASONIC TEMPLE, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

fathers, for though married your daughter will not leave you. She has chosen one of you, your lieu enant of yesterday, but your captain of today. He will remain with you, and his wife also. But it is not of him I wish to speak, but rather of the new commandant, the ex-Captain O'Oban. In my happiness on this day, when I leave his home to enter a new life, I wish to pay a last tribute to the love and devotion of that brother who has been the whole world to me. So I now ask you to join me in giving three cheers for the new commandant and his bride."

Never were cheers more heartily given, never was a commandant so sincerely welcomed in his regiment as was Commandant D'Oban in his.

Colonel Deo next addressed his words of welcome to the newly-appointed officers, then the Duc offered the usual toast to the young brides, and thus the wedding dinner came to an end.

The time to depart at last arrived, for the two officers had been granted a short leave of absence. As the carriage rolled away amid the cheers of the soldiers, Irene turned to her husband and said:

"It is better to be loved than to be queen."

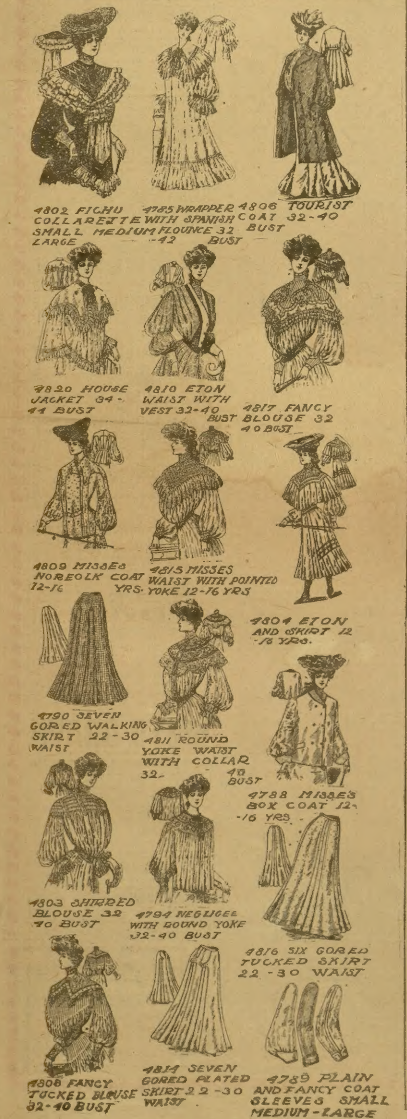
And that one sentence paints the woman.

The End.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do as here stated we will not know what to send you. Also, do not fail to enclose money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.


4802 FICHU COLLARETTE SMALL MEDIUM LARGE
4785 WRAPPER WITH SPANISH FLOUNCE 32-42 BUST
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4820 HOUSE JACKET 34-44 BUST
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4811 ROUND YOKE WAIST WITH COLLAR 32-40 BUST
4788 MISSES BOX COAT 12-16 YRS
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4794 NEGLIGEE WITH ROUND YOKE 32-40 BUST
4816 SIX GORED TUCKED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4808 FANCY TUCKED BLOUSE 32-40 BUST
4814 SEVEN GORED PLATED SKIRT 22-30 WAIST
4789 PLAIN AND FANCY COAT SLEEVES SMALL MEDIUM-LARGE

Queen of the Love-Red Rose.

(Continued from page five.)

appear to forget it utterly, and continue to be with her as usual."

"Then you must come, too, at times, for I did not like the way several seemed to view my appearing on the scene this afternoon."

The elder man, who now looked really old, laughed scornfully.

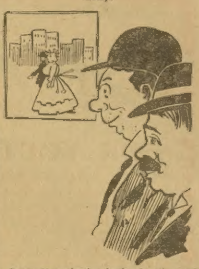
"In our grade of society, as long as I do not object, the idea that you are her lover raises you both in public estimation. You, because you have been smart enough to worm your way with her and get a hold upon her which nothing will ever loosen; she, that she has attached the handsomest man in our set. No, it is true you do not know these people as I do. I am asking much of you, my boy; I am giving you no small trust."

"You cannot ask too much of me, my friend," Gordon said, grasping the kindly hand, "and I assure you that if my influence, strength and will can prevent, your name will never be soiled, or the honor of your wife tarnished in the slightest degree," and over this generous promise the two men held each other's hands until the grip caused positive pain.

In next week's issue of the Ledger another installment of this captivating story will be offered the reader. Each subscription to the Ledger calls for a free camera or patterns as the subscriber may choose. See our announcement on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Some men work hard while some others only work soft marks.

Irony.



Spick—She rules her husband with a rod of iron.

Span—I guess that accounts for my seeing her chase him with a poker this morning.

Latest Story of Whistler.

Miss Corkran, a painter, says of Whistler: "I remember meeting him at a mutual friend's. He inquired how I was getting on with my painting. I told him that Leighton had remarked that I did not finish enough.

"'Oh!' retorted Whistler, fixing his eyeglass, glaring at me, his white lock erect like a feather. Then, making a queer sound, something between a grunt and a jeer, he remarked:

"'You ought to have answered by retorting, "Why did you ever begin?"'

"It was so quaintly uttered that I laughed. He reminded me then of a picture of Lucifer I had seen."

His Preference.

"They say," remarked the boarding-house landlady, "that washing the hair in strong tea will make it dark."

"Possibly," rejoined the old bachelor at the pedal extremity of the table, "but I prefer to have my tea darkened in some other manner."

Wonderful Music Offer

Hiawatha, The Holy City, and 50 other new songs and two pieces of music FREE to each person who answers this advertisement. We are making this most liberal offer to introduce WOMAN'S WORLD, a large, finely illustrated magazine which has already a circulation of 600,000 copies each issue.

WOMAN'S WORLD is edited by able writers who have followed their profession for many years. It contains a lot of interesting reading matter and numerous departments such as are found only in an up-to-date and high-class paper. To introduce our magazine into thousands of homes quickly, we will send it five months on trial for only 10 cents and we will send you free and postpaid 52 new songs and two pieces of music as above stated. Send 25 cents and we will send WOMAN'S WORLD one year and the songs and music mentioned above, also our Mammoth collection of 100 songs, words and music. This is positively the biggest offer ever made by any publisher. We are one of the largest publishing concerns in Chicago, in business over 20 years. If you want a good paper at a low price and a lot of choice music send for either of the above offers. You will be delighted. Address WOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. M6 CHICAGO, ILL.

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3 YEARS FOR $1.00

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THE STAR MONTHLY wants names and addresses of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age. We want to get them interested in our beautiful illustrated magazine of boys' stories, which has a circulation of 150,000 copies monthly. It is 10 years old. It is the boy's companion; it plays baseball and football with him. It coasts, skates, swims, camps, hunts and fishes with him. It goes to school or to work with him. It chats with him about his future, his ambition to get on in the world. It teaches him how to build his head, heart and body. It has departments on athletics, carpentry, games, puzzles, amateur journalism, mechanism, photography, coin, stamp and curio collecting; prize awards in each department. It never has less than 32 large pages, profusely illustrated, and printed on fine polished book paper. It contains fine stories and handsome illustrations and each month awards a large number of valuable prizes to subscribers. Send us plainly written names and addresses of 12 boys you know and enclose 12 two-cent stamps or a silver quarter and we will enter you as a paid subscriber for one year in advance.

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We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. In this way you can earn a nice sum each week. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. I agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc. *Yours truly,*

Name..

Street.................................... *Town*....................................

Date.................................... *State*....................................

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

WHERE THE DANDELIONS WENT.

Three little dandelions, each in yellow gown,
Stood beside the winding road that led to London town.
They heard the merry children, they saw the travelers pass,
And they said to one another, "How sad it is, alas!
That we, too, may not travel, and view the world beyond;
We've never even climbed the hill, or seen across the pond."

Three little dandelions, each in gown of gold,
Taller grew each summer day in the leafy mold.
Yet they stood on tiptoe, and peered through sun and rain,
To see if it was England that lay beyond, or Spain.
One said she saw chimneys, and another, smoke and soot;
While the third saw ships a-sailing; but they never moved a foot.

Three little dandelions, each in gown of white,
Laid their plans to travel on a dewy night;
And while cooling breezes fanned the waking day,
Spread their wings and vanished, oh, so far away.
But if they reached that smoky town, or the seashore, as they meant,
I'm sure I'll never tell you, for I don't know where they went.

Game of Bouquet.

This is a jolly game for a number of children to play.

Sit down in a circle around your leader. Let the leader give each one a flower for his name—violet, daisy, sweet William, black-eyed Susan, etc. Then let her tell you a story "made up out of her own head," in which she brings in every one of the flower names.

Whenever a child hears his flower name mentioned he must get up, turn around and sit down.

When the leader uses the word "bouquet" all the children must jump up and change places, at which time the leader tries to capture a seat. Whoever gets "left" must then become leader.

Information Wanted.

Bachelor Brother—Is that baby in the fowl or animal class?

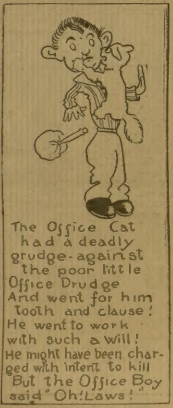
Young Mother—What do you mean?

Bachelor—Why, he crows one minute and bellows the next.

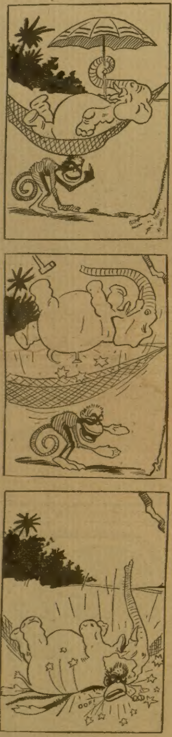
Evidence of His Return.

Fond Mother—Jane, has Johnny come home from school yet?

Jane—I think so. I haven't seen him, but the cat is hiding under the stove.



Pongo Got the Worst of It.

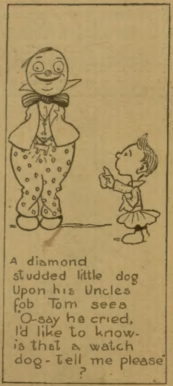


Favorite Japanese Game.

A favorite card game of the Japanese is played as follows: One hundred well-known proverbs are selected, each divided into two parts, and each part printed on a separate card. The host of the evening has the hundred first halves, which he reads aloud, one by one; the hundred second halves are dealt to the other players, who place their hands face upward on the "tatami," or thick mat of rice straw, on which they sit. As the first half of any proverb is read, the holder of the second half throws it out, or if he sees it unnoticed among his neighbor's cards, seizes it and gives him one of his own. The player who is first "out" wins. It is a very simple game, but it affords great entertainment to the players; for the quick-sighted and keen-witted are constantly seizing the cards of their duller and slower neighbors, and this leads to much laughter and many good-natured [illegible].

Why Is an Author?

Why is an author the queerest animal in the world? Because his tale comes out of his head.



Clever Trick.

Get four glasses and glass pitcher half full of water.

Pour some water into glass No. 1. Then empty it back into the pitcher. Do this several times, asking your audience to watch closely and assure themselves that you are not deceiving them.

Finally, having filled glass No. 1, leave it on the table filled.

Then take glass No. 2 and fill it. To the surprise of your audience, the water will instantly be changed to wine.

Calmly take the third glass and fill it. Here your audience will be again surprised to see not wine, but only water—and yet from the same pitcher.

Then fill the fourth glass, and this again will be wine.

Then go back to the first glass. Mix the contents with those of the second glass, and behold there will be wine! But when you do the same with the third and fourth glasses, to the astonishment of your audience, the mixture of their contents will result not in wine, but in water!

Now empty all the glasses into the pitcher and once again fill up each glass from the pitcher. This time there will be no signs of wine. Every glass will be filled with water.

How is it done? This way:

Glass No. 1 has no preparation in it. Glass No. 2, however, has a few drops of muriated tincture of iron in it. In the third glass is a spoonful of oxalic acid. In the fourth glass are a few drops of muriated tincture of iron again.

In your pitcher you must previously have placed a teaspoonful of tannic acid.

Of course, you understand that you must have "fixed" the glasses and the pitcher before you begin to perform your trick.

You may get the chemicals at any drug store very inexpensively.

THE MIGHTY EXPLORERS.

Dicky and Tommy, one fine night in June,
Walked out, to see t'other side of the moon.
Not a word! not a sound; it was very late—
Between a quarter to eight and eight!
They went along till they reached a brook,
When Dicky whispered to Tommy, "Look!"
There in the brook, as it sang its tune,
Was the glowing other side of the moon!

They planned in bed, till the clock struck ten,
How they'd look up Africa, when they were men!

—St. Nicholas.

Imitated Papa.

A little girl, before going out to a tea party, was coached in conduct by a fond mamma. "You may take cake twice if it is offered you, but if you are asked a third time you must say, with all possible politeness, 'No, thank you!'" On her return home she gave assurance she had remembered and followed the maternal instructions; "but," she added, "the servant brought the cake to me a fourth time."

"And what did you say then?" inquired mamma. "Oh," was the startling rejoinder, "then I thought of what papa does sometimes, and I said: 'Take it away and don't bother.'"

Juvenile Theory.

"Nellie," said the mother to her 5-year-old daughter, "what's the reason you and your little brother can't get along without quarreling.

"I don't know, mamma," replied the small miss, "unless it's 'cause I take after you and he takes after papa."

Do Fishes Talk?

Do fishes ever talk? Of course, they do. You know the codfish ball and oyster stew.

$5.50 STEM WIND DUST PROOF STEM SET
ACCURATE AND DURABLE.
Genuine American movement, plainly marked 17 Jeweled. Adjusted. Nickel. Quick-train. Red ruby Jewels, in raised gilded settings. Exact model of movement required by Engineers and Railway employes. This movement in our 4-ounce LUZON SILVER, open-face, DUST AND DAMP PROOF case, which will retain its color and WEAR A LIFE TIME, is the best value known for Railway Men, Mechanics, Laborers, Farmers, Boys, and those requiring a strong and durable watch. CUT AD OUT. Give Post-office and Express Office. We send C. O. D. with privilege of examination at SPECIAL PRICE, $5.50 and express charges, with GOLD-FILLED CHAIN included. Order at once (Allen & Co. are reliable—Ed.) Address, ALLEN & CO., Wholesale jewelers, 2 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.
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